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RILEY FAVORITES

A Song of Long Ago

He and I

When My Dreams Come True

The Rose

Away

Her Beautiful Eyes

Do They Miss Me



AL 3145, 4.11.15

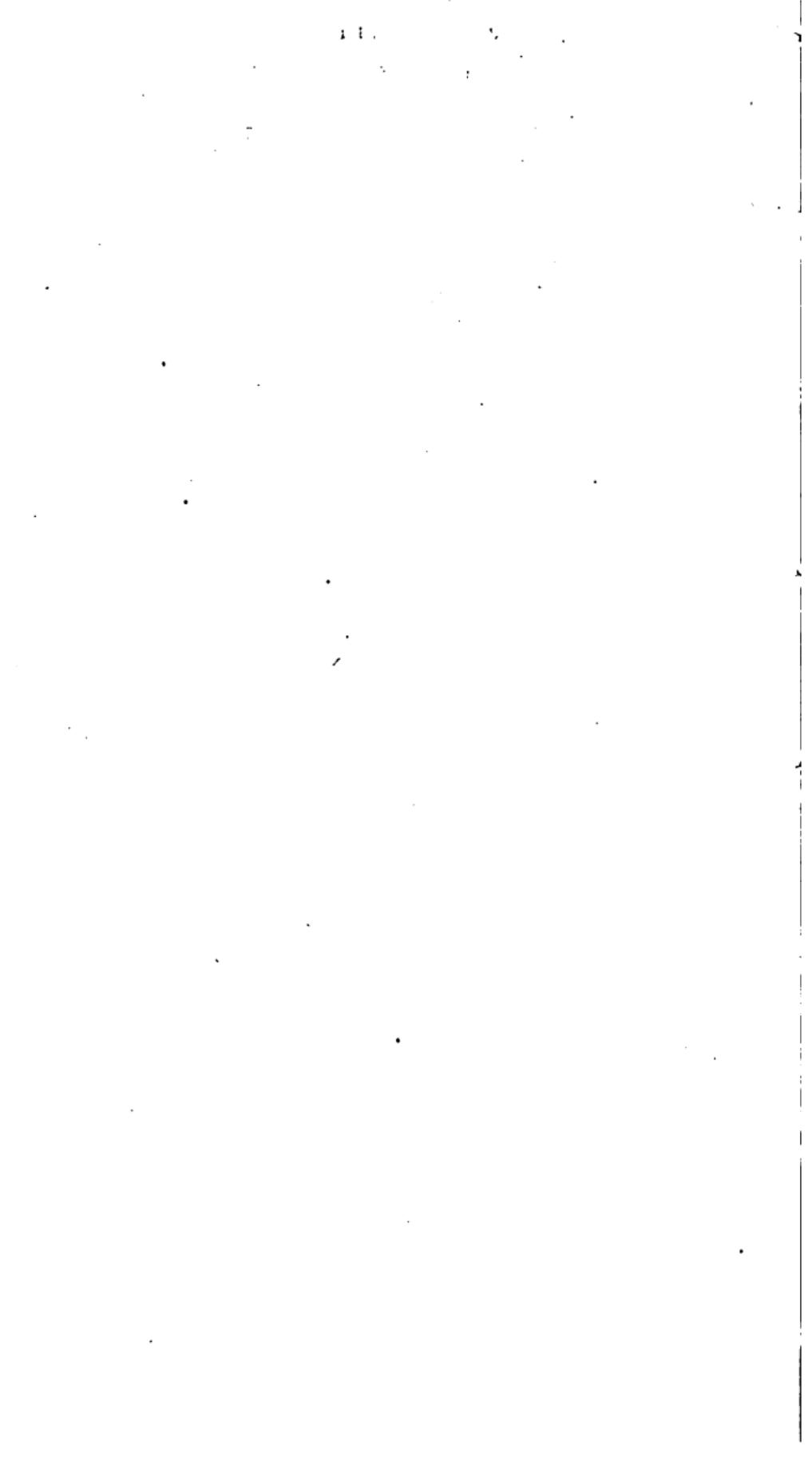
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RILEY FAVORITES

By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A SONG OF LONG AGO
HE AND I
WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE
THE ROSE
AWAY
HER BEAUTIFUL EYES
DO THEY MISS ME

DECORATED BY
EMILY HALL CHAMBERLAIN



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Five dollars

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A SONG OF LONG AGO



SONG of Long Ago:
Sing it lightly—
sing it low—

Sing it softly—like the lisping
of the lips we used to know

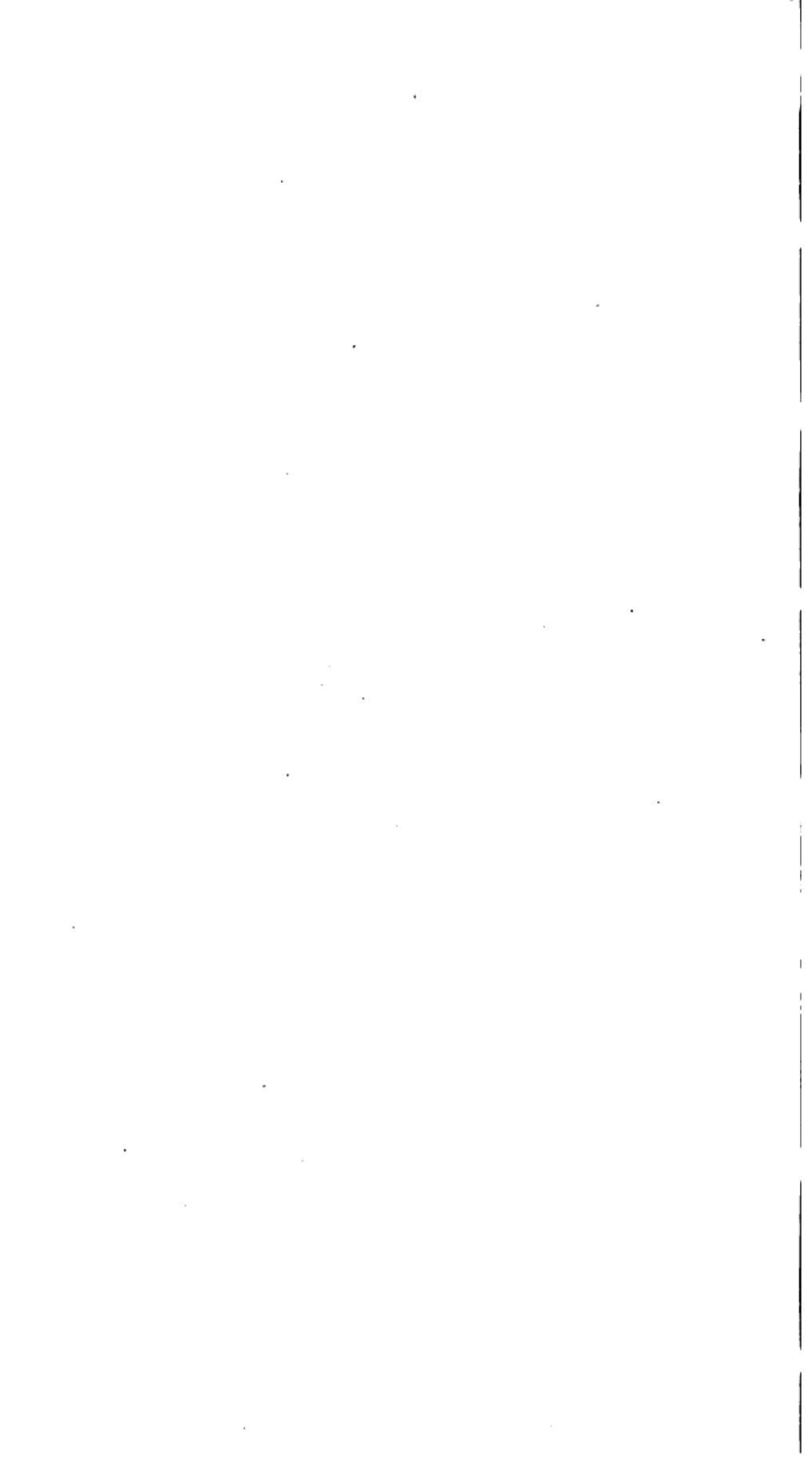
When our baby-laughter spilled

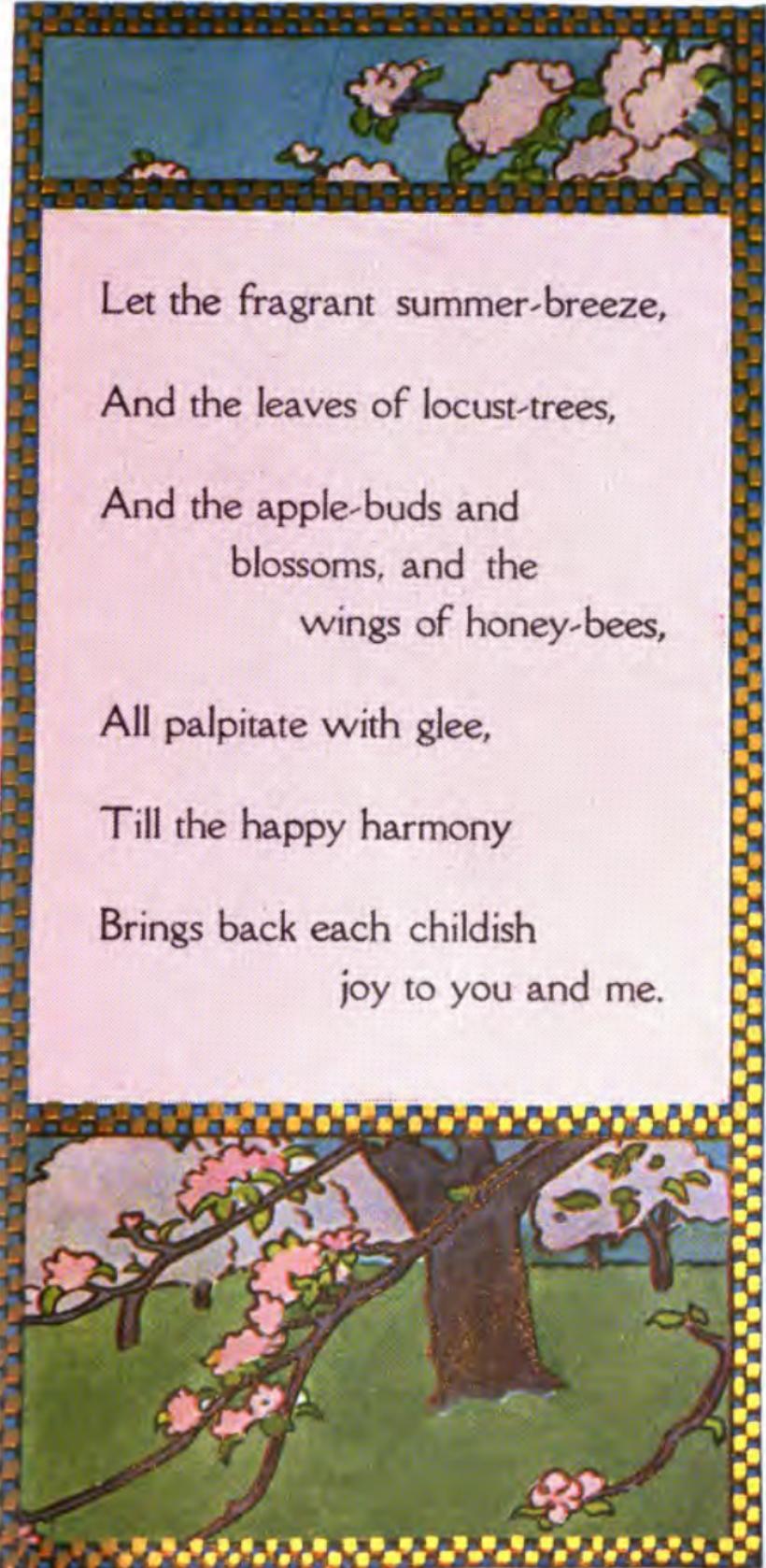
From the glad hearts ever filled

With music blithe as

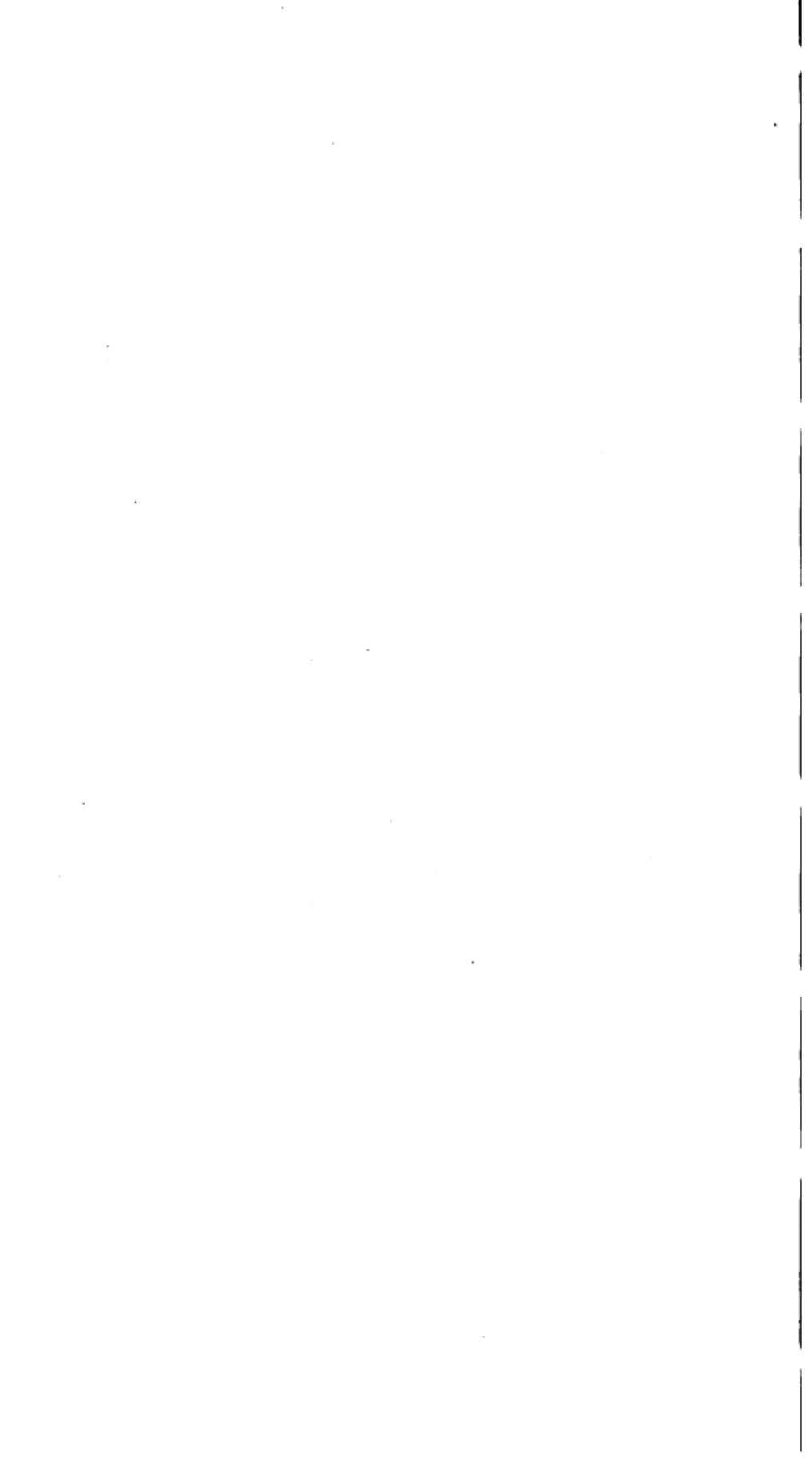
robin ever trilled!







Let the fragrant summer-breeze,
And the leaves of locust-trees,
And the apple-buds and
blossoms, and the
wings of honey-bees,
All palpitate with glee,
Till the happy harmony
Brings back each childish
joy to you and me.





Let the eyes of fancy turn

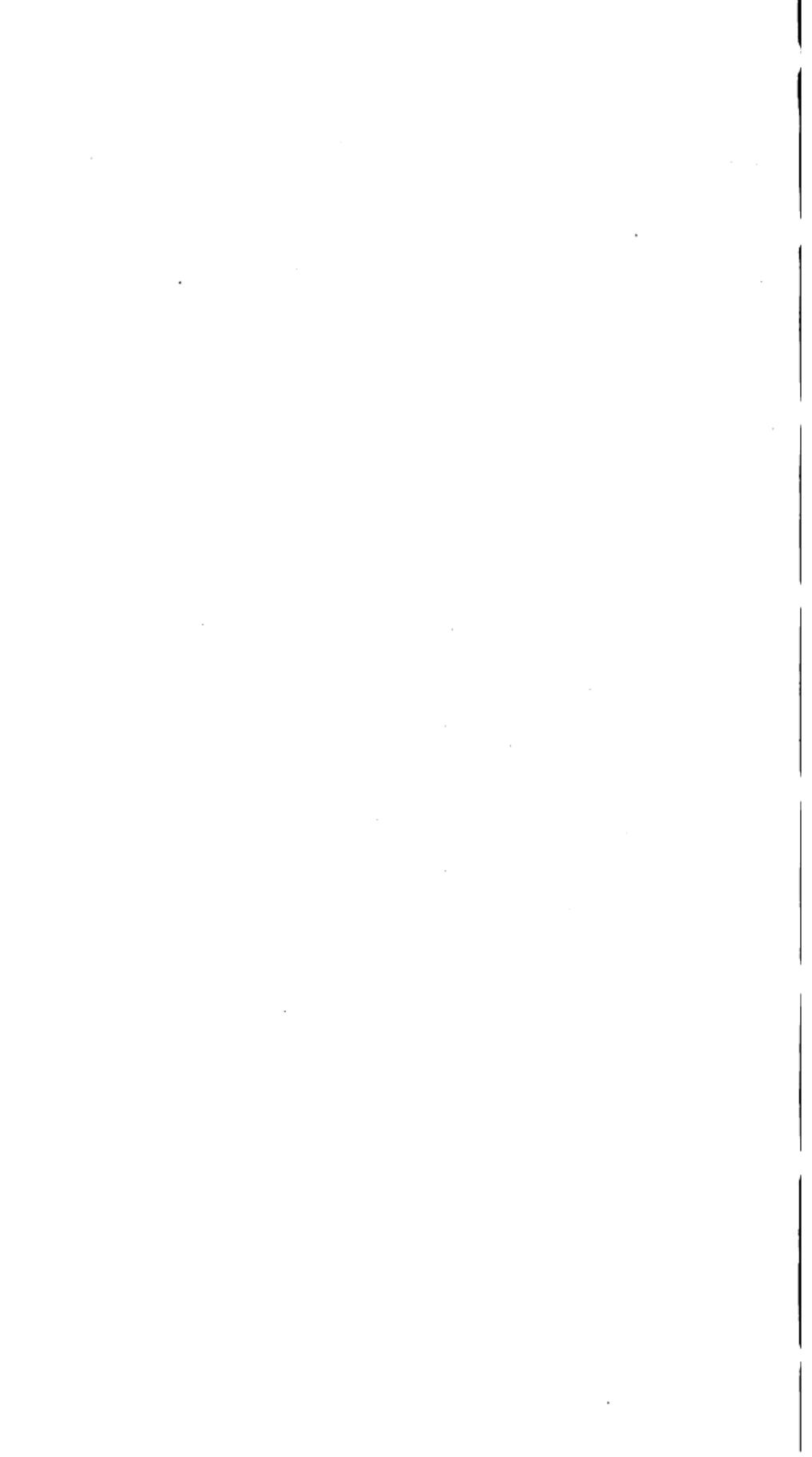
Where the tumbled pippins burn

Like embers in the orchard's lap
of tangled grass and fern.—

There let the old path wind

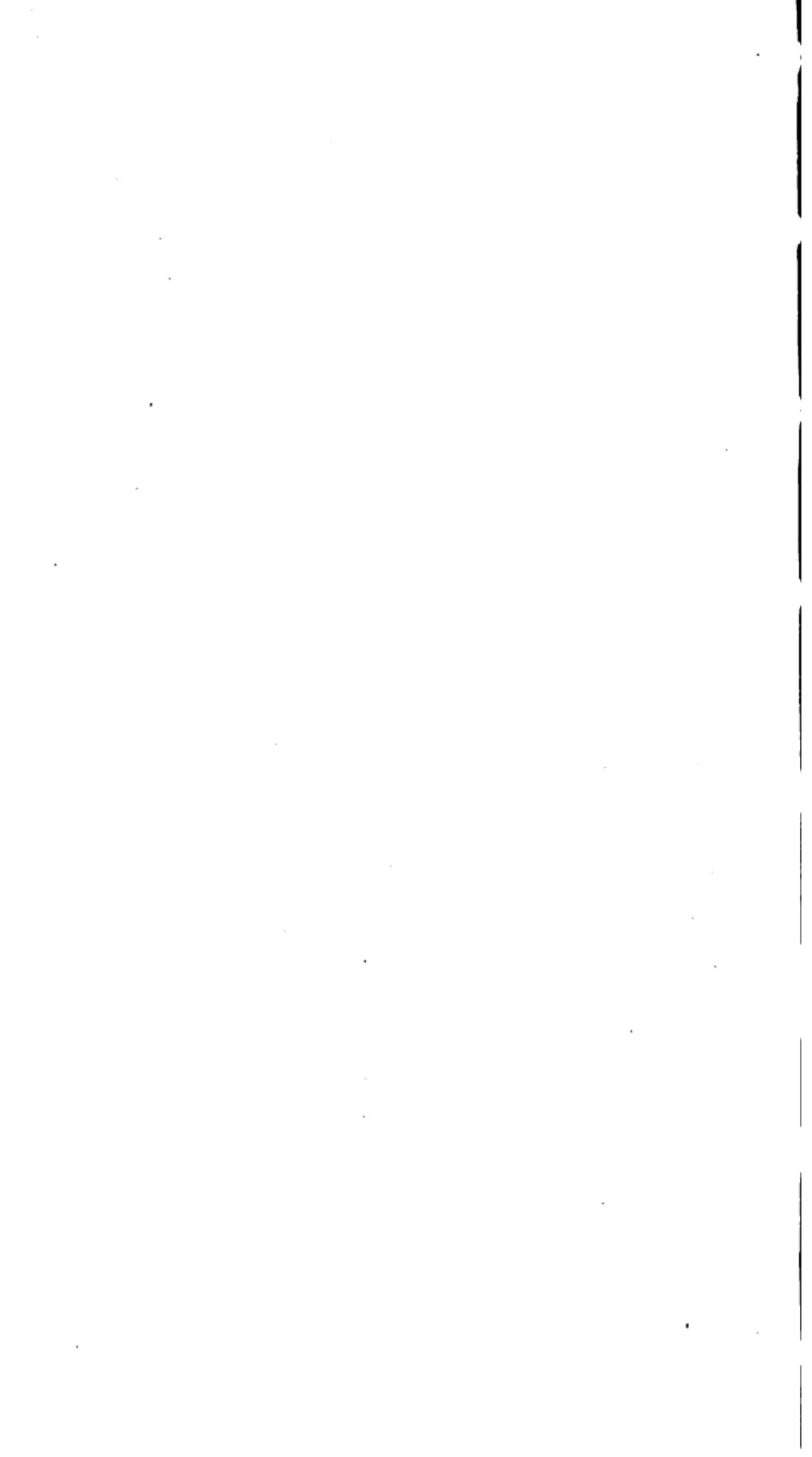
In and out and on behind

The cider-press that
chuckles as we grind.



Blend in the song the moan
Of the dove that grieves alone,
And the wild whir of the locust,
and the bumble's
drowsy drone;
And the low of cows that call
Through the pasture-
bars when all
The landscape fades
away at evenfall.







Then, far away and clear,

Through the dusky atmosphere,

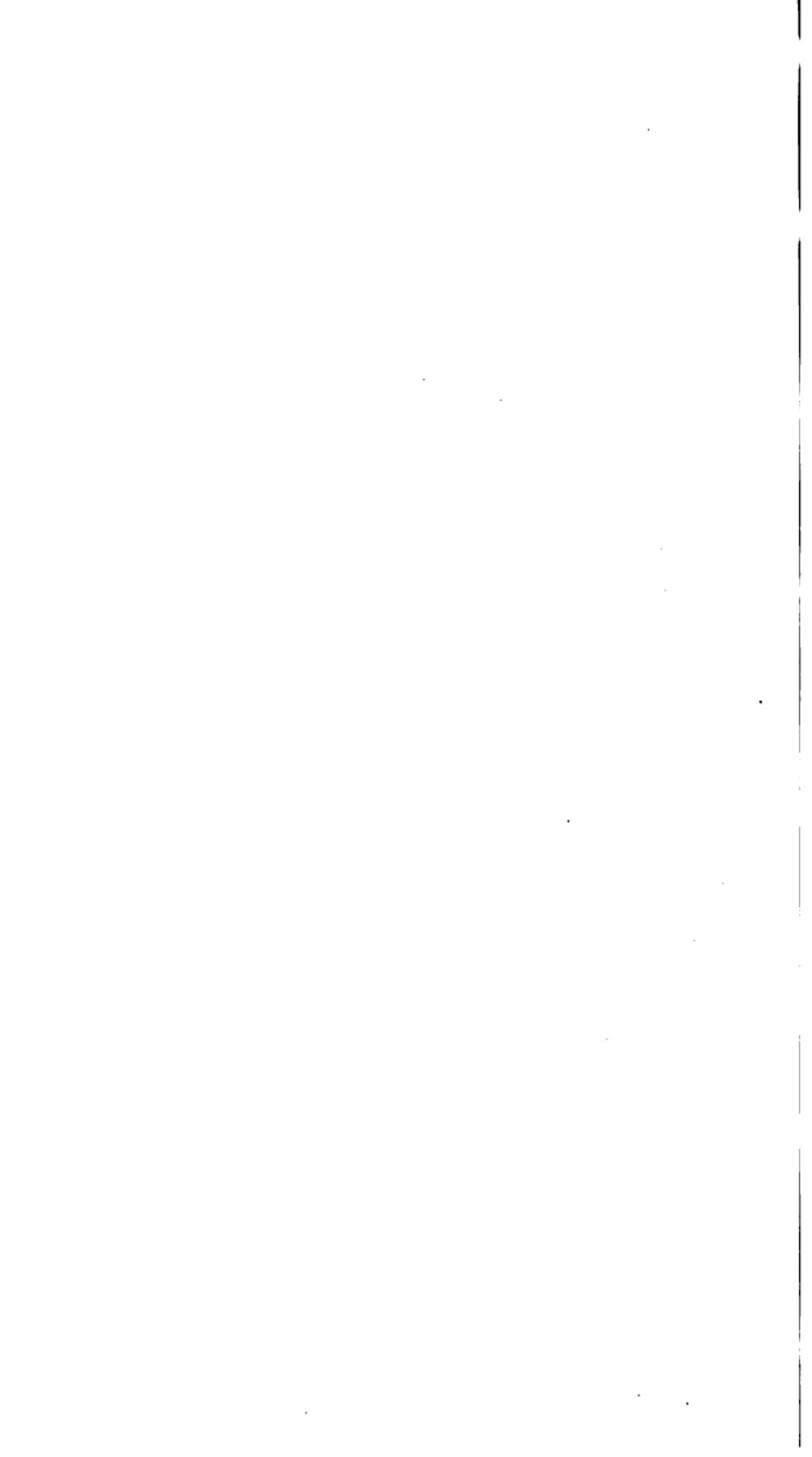
Let the wailing of the kildee be
the only sound we hear:

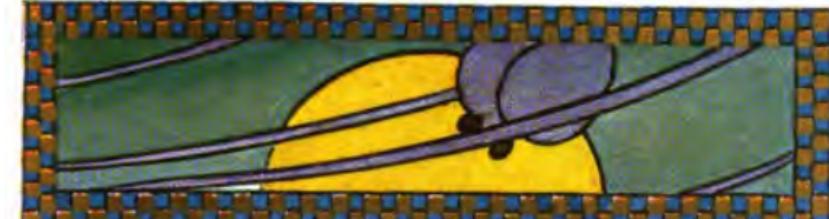
O sad and sweet and low

As the memory may know

Is the glad-pathetic
song of Long Ago!







HE AND I



JUST drifting
on together—

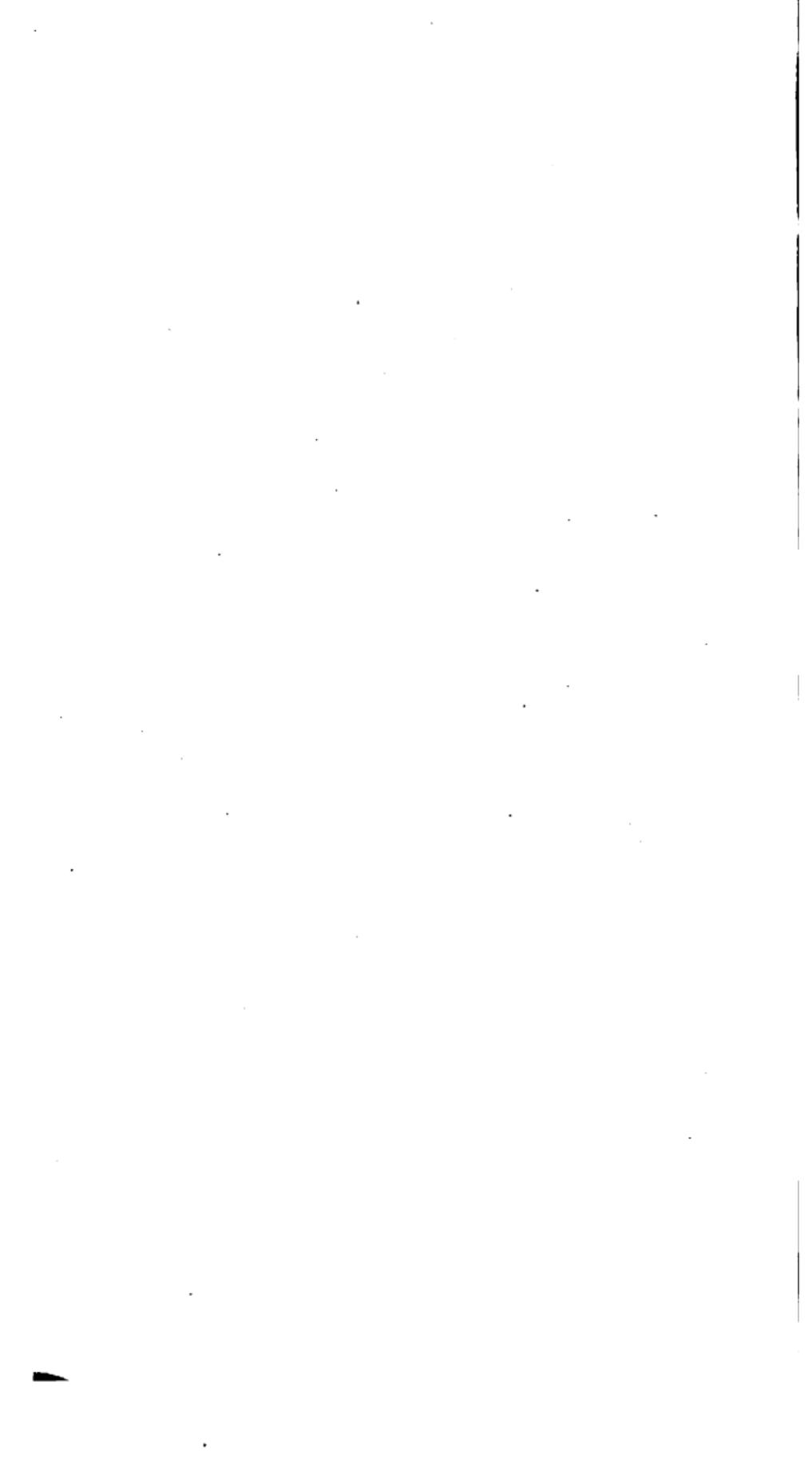
He and I—

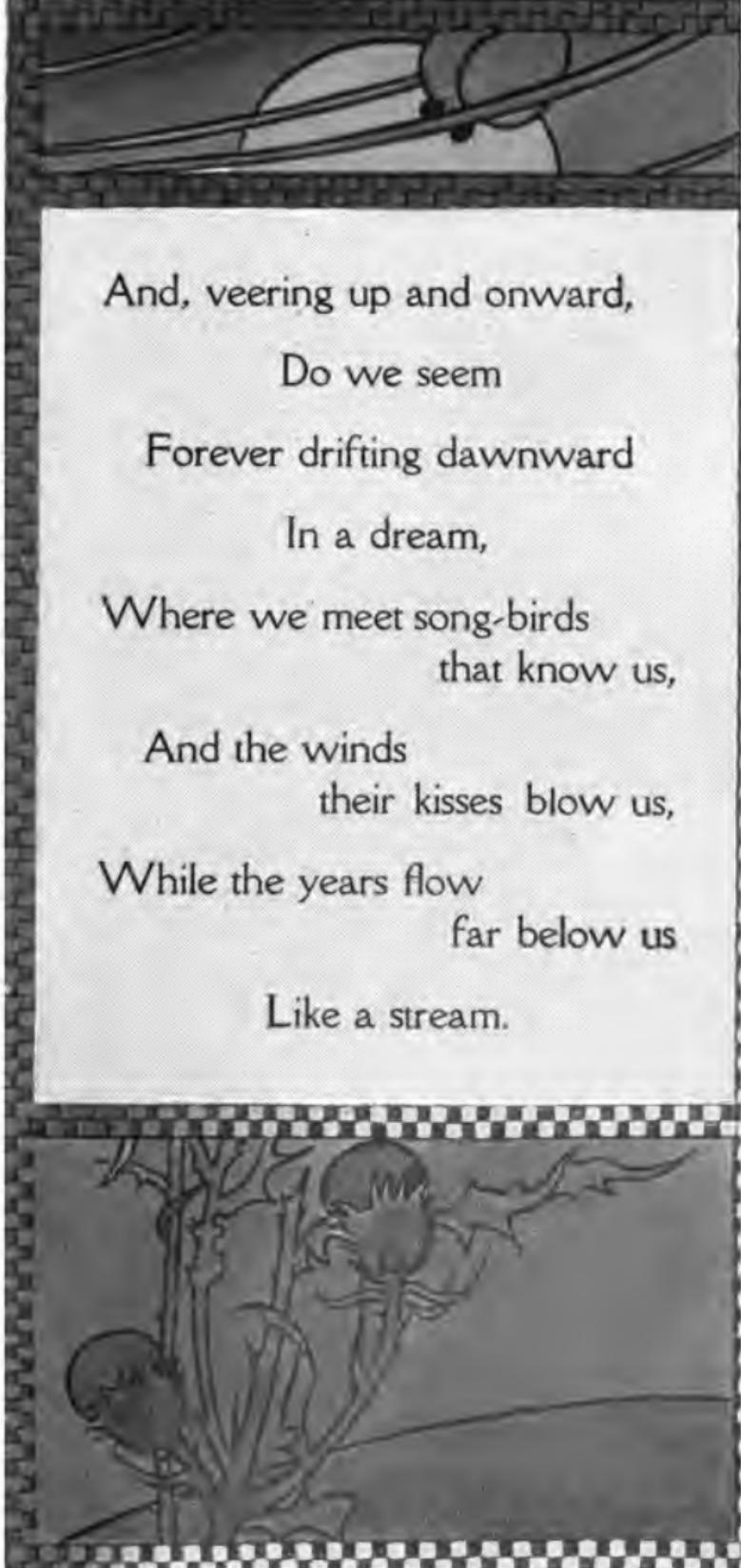
As through the balmy weather
Of July

Drift two thistle-tufts imbedded
Each in each—by
zephyrs wedded—

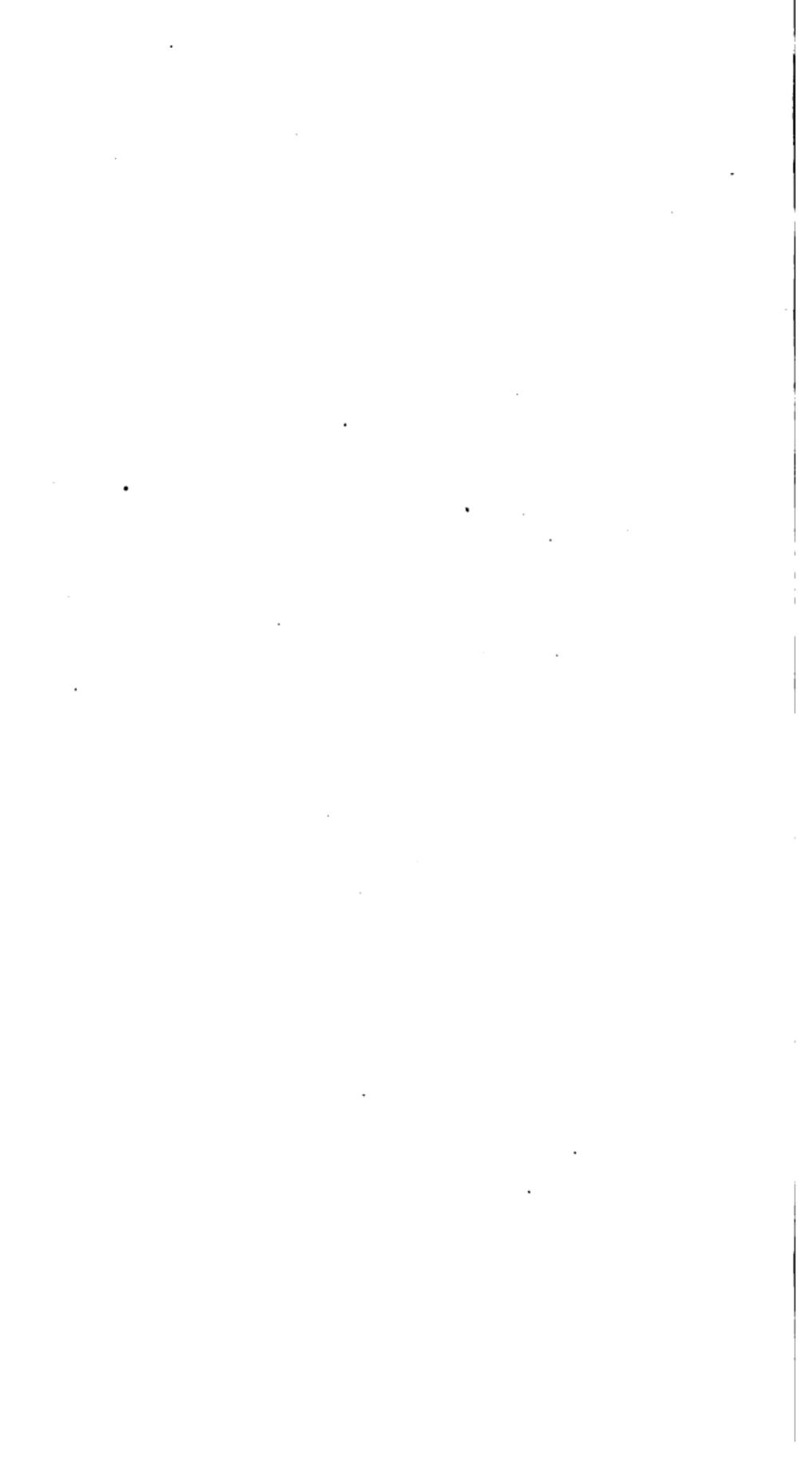
Touring upward,
giddy-headed,
For the sky.







And, veering up and onward,
Do we seem
Forever drifting downward
In a dream,
Where we meet song-birds
that know us,
And the winds
their kisses blow us,
While the years flow
far below us
Like a stream.





And we are happy—very—

He and I—

Aye, even glad and merry

Though on high

The heavens are

sometimes shrouded

By the midnight storm,

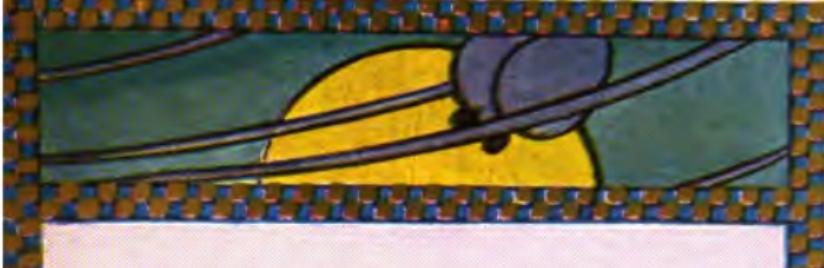
and clouded

Till the pallid moon is crowded

From the sky.

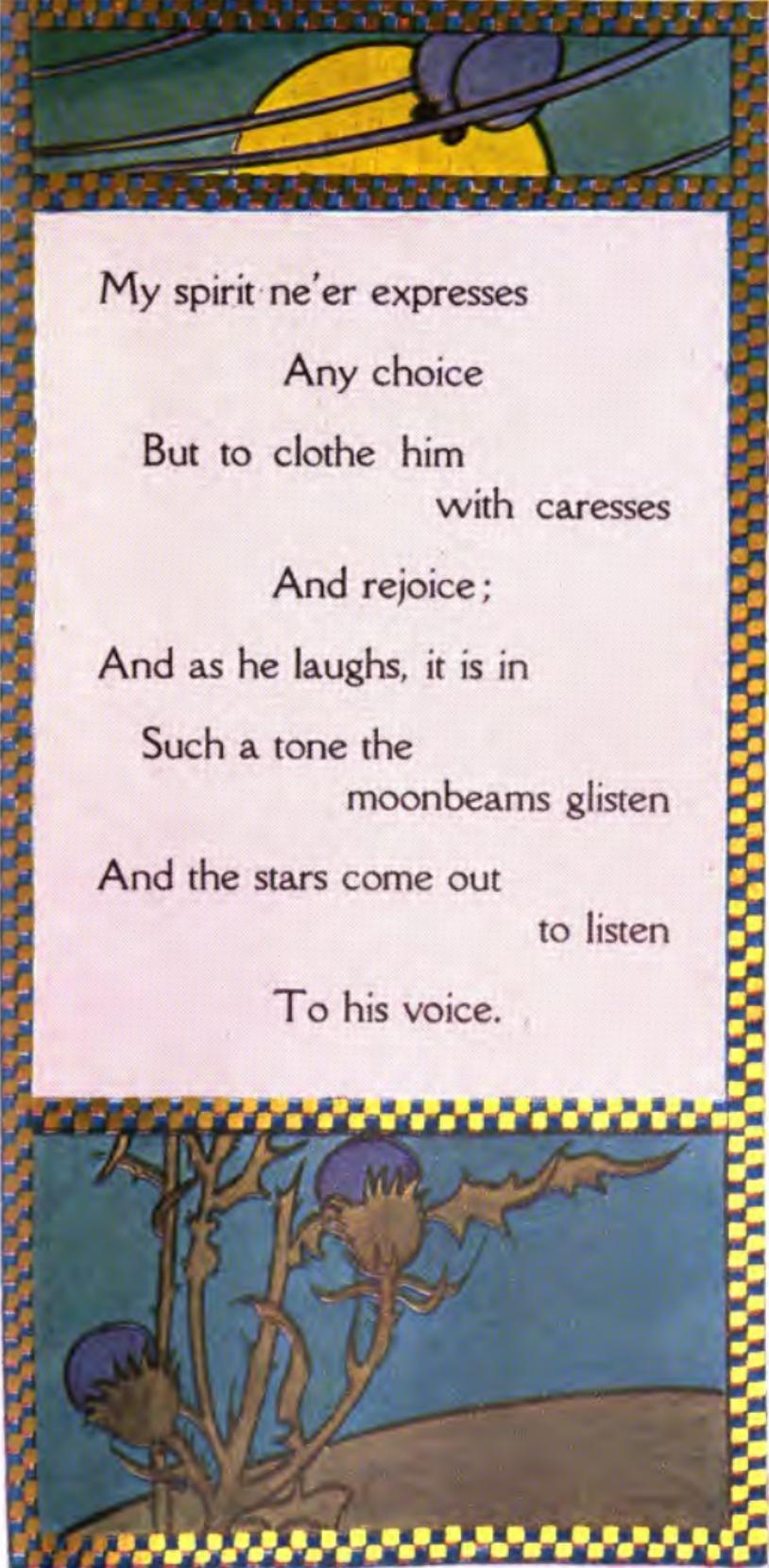






My spirit ne'er expresses
Any choice
But to clothe him
with caresses
And rejoice;
And as he laughs, it is in
Such a tone the
moonbeams glisten
And the stars come out
to listen
To his voice.

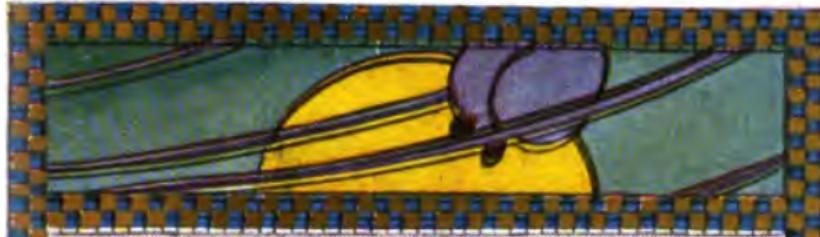




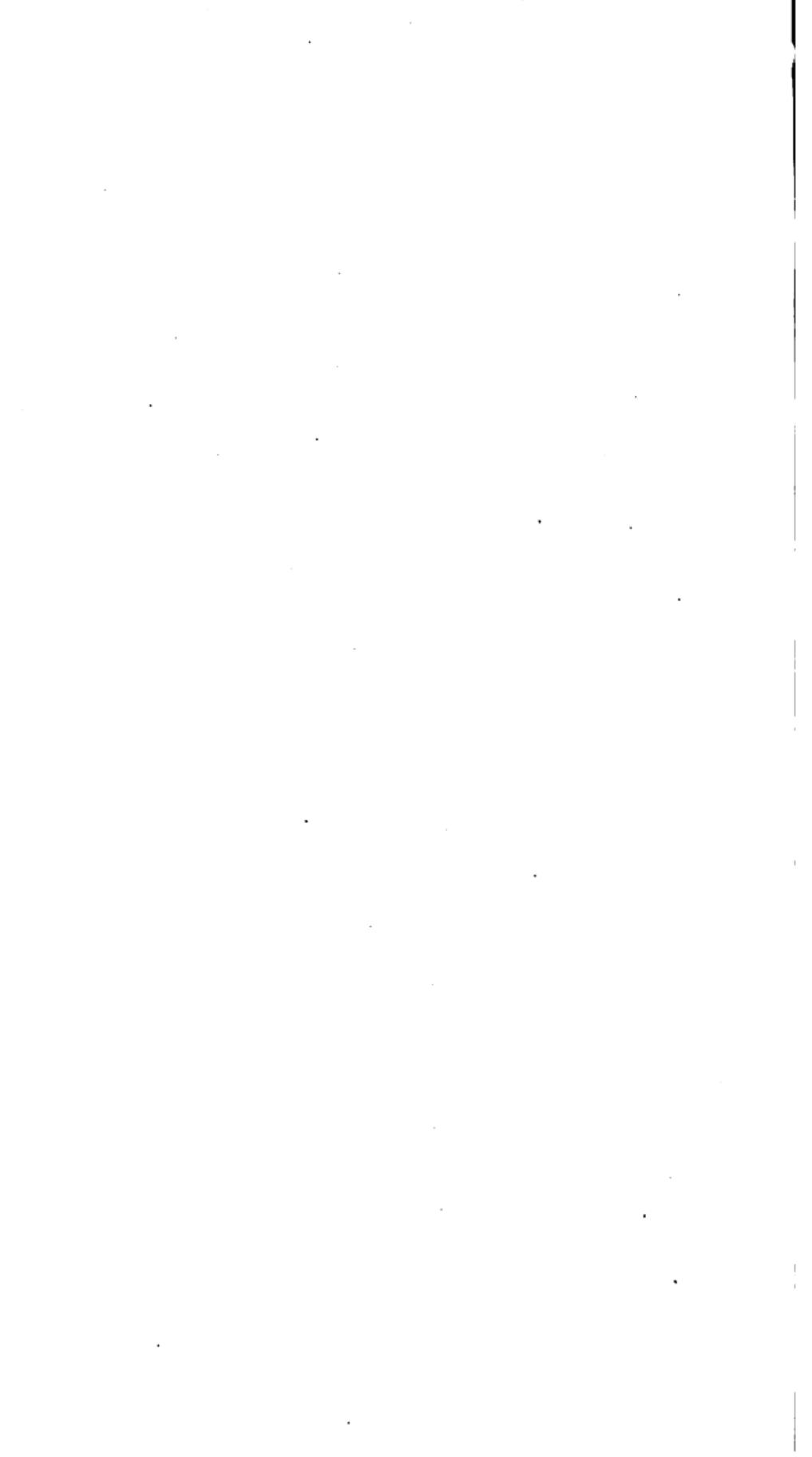
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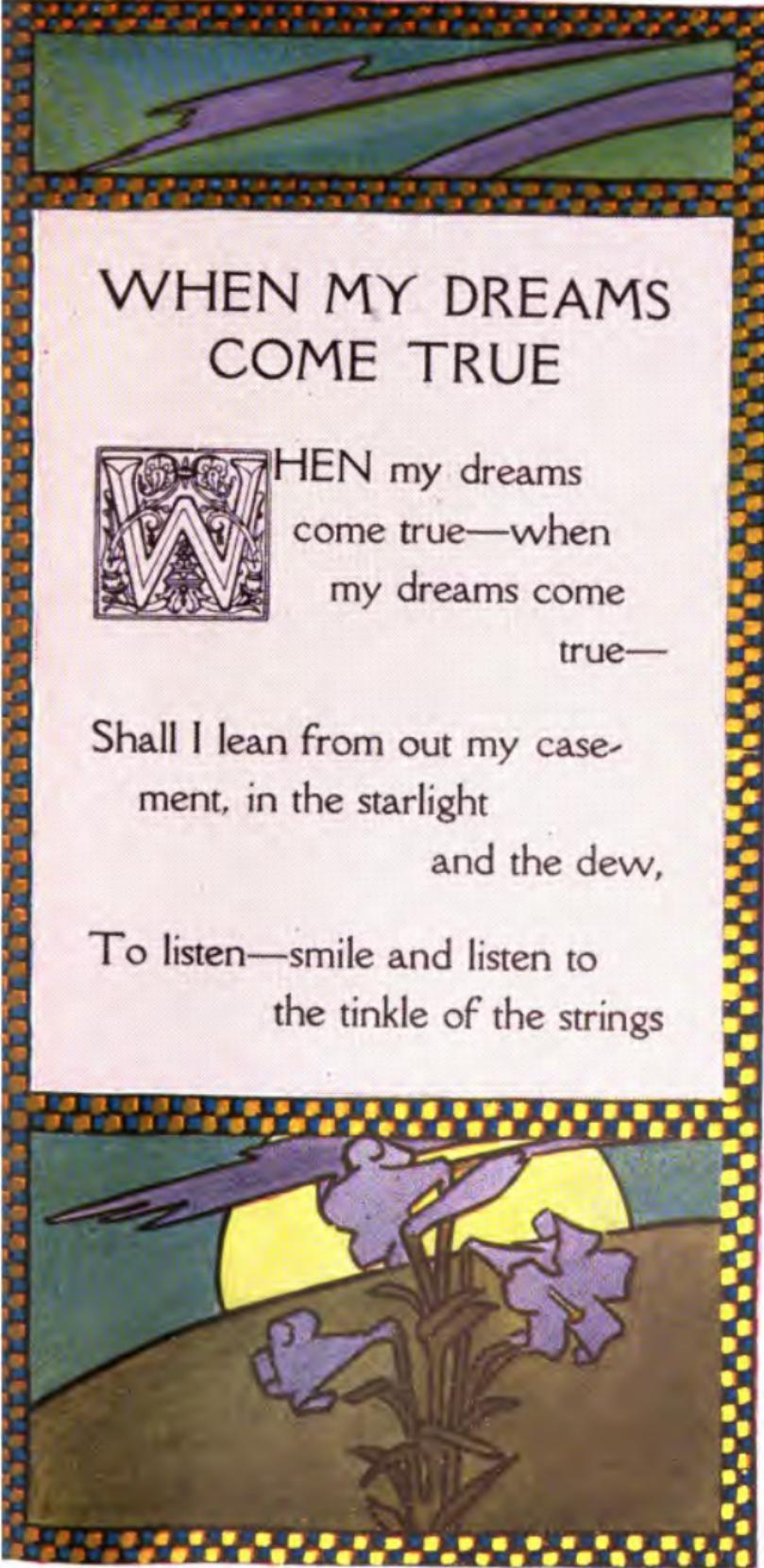






And so, whate'er the weather,
He and I,—
With our lives linked
thus together,
Float and fly
As two thistle-tufts imbedded
Each in each—by
zephyrs wedded—
Touring upward giddy-headed,
For the sky.





WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE

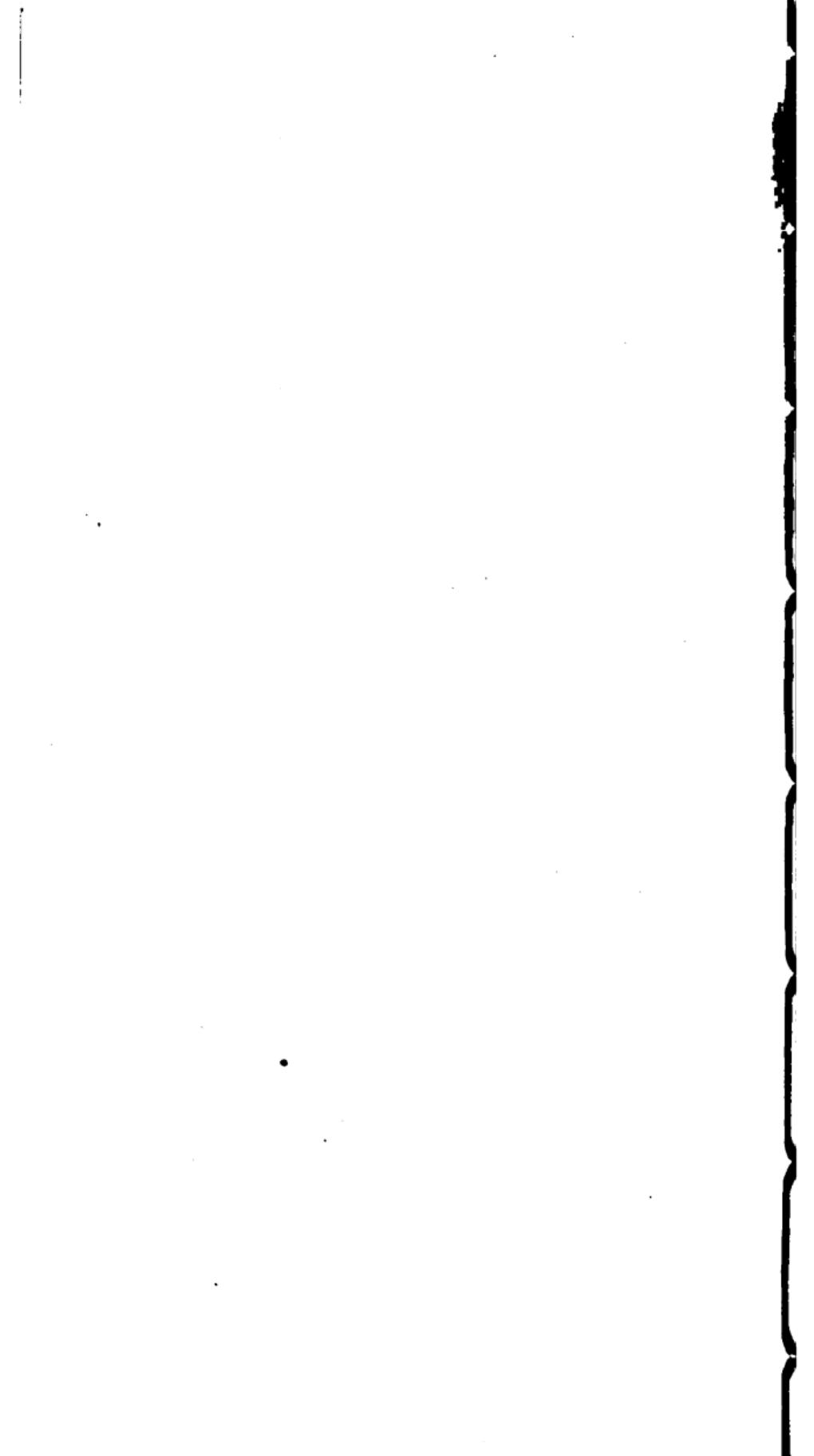


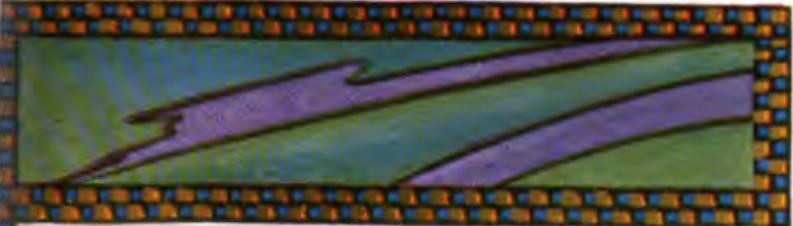
HEN my dreams
come true—when
my dreams come
true—

Shall I lean from out my case-
ment, in the starlight
and the dew,

To listen—smile and listen to
the tinkle of the strings







Of the sweet guitar my lover's
fingers fondle, as he sings?

And as the nude moon slowly,
slowly shoulders into view,

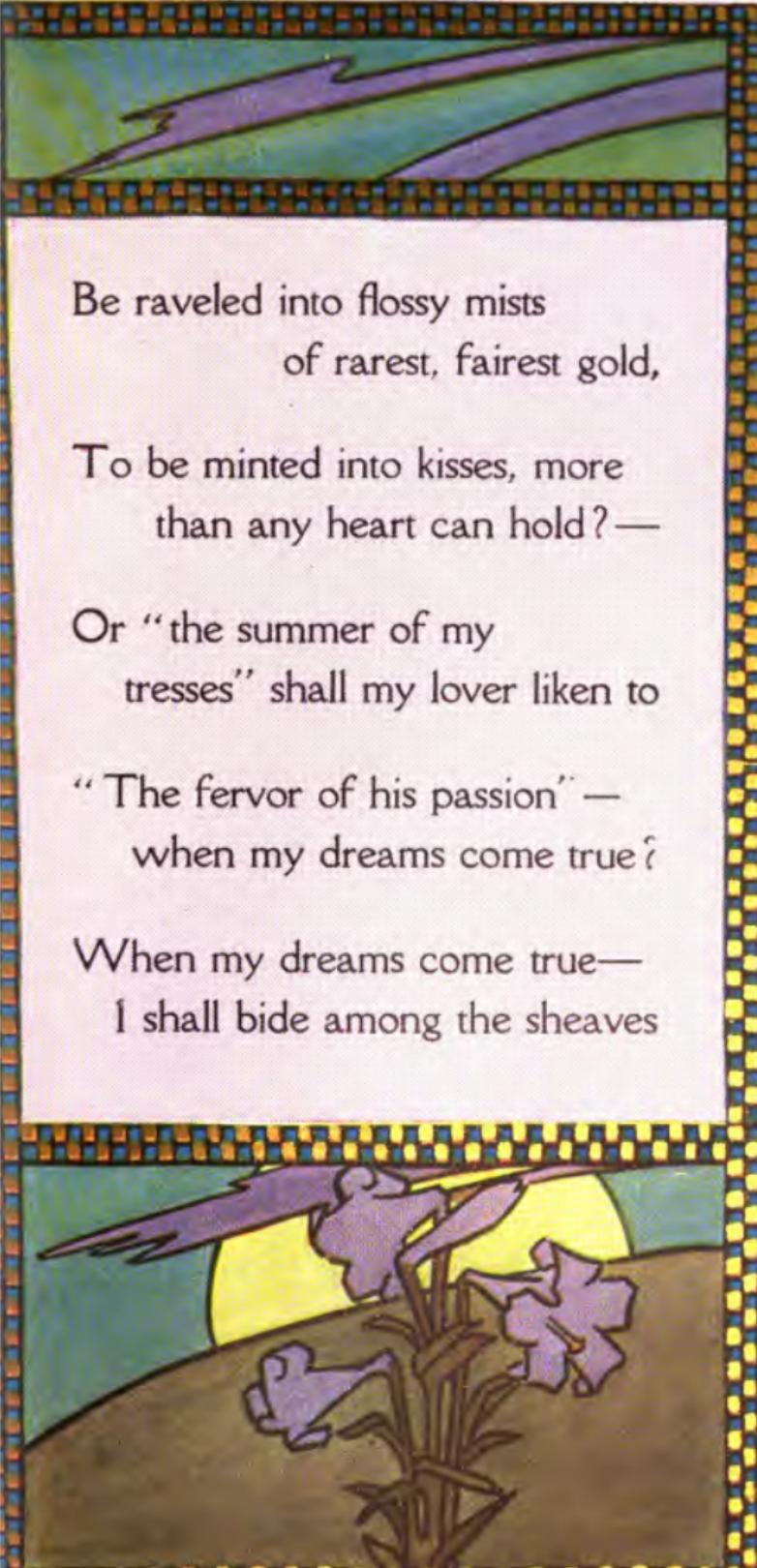
Shall I vanish from his vision—
when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—
shall the simple gown I wear

Be changed to softest satin,
and my maiden-braided hair







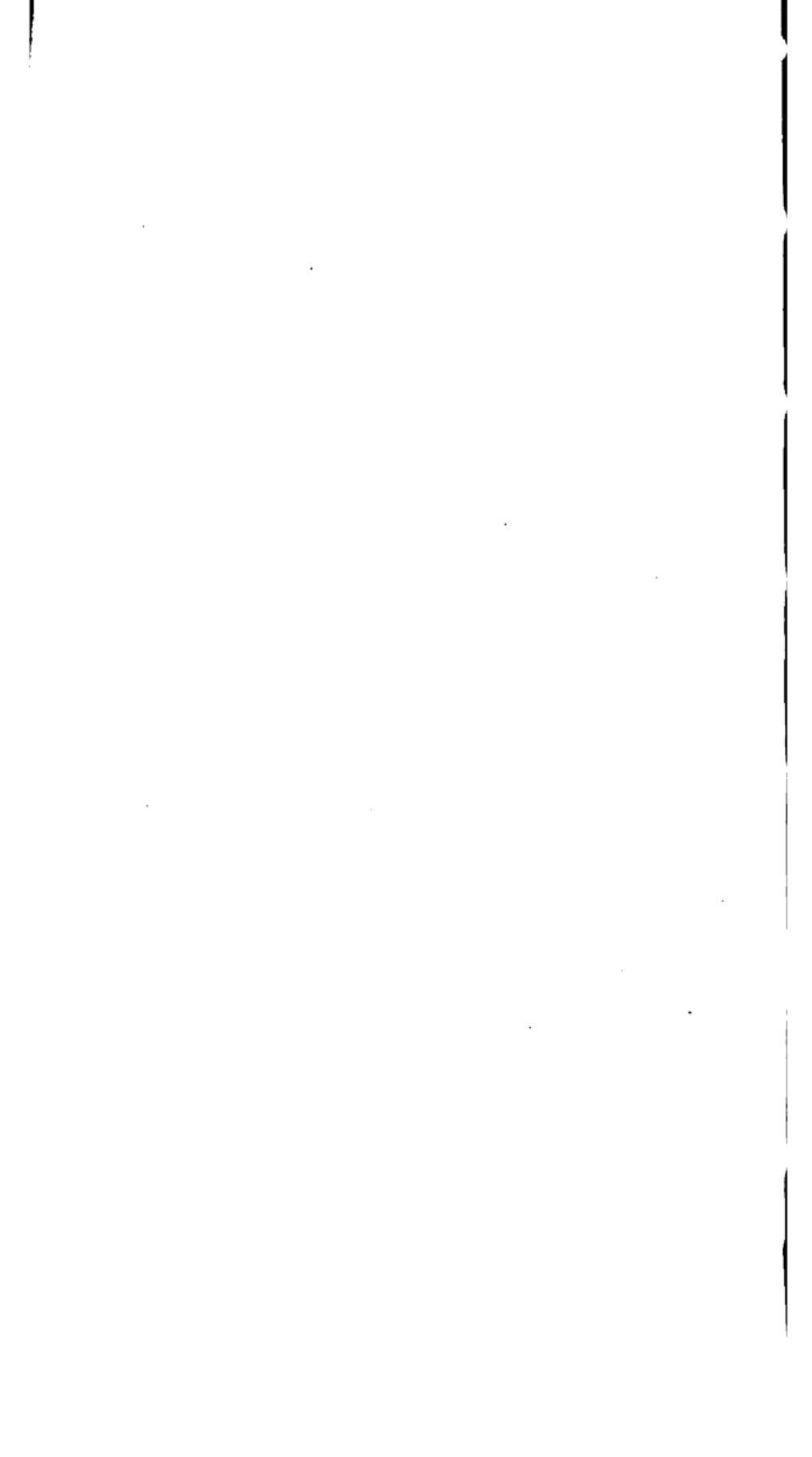
Be raveled into flossy mists
of rarest, fairest gold,

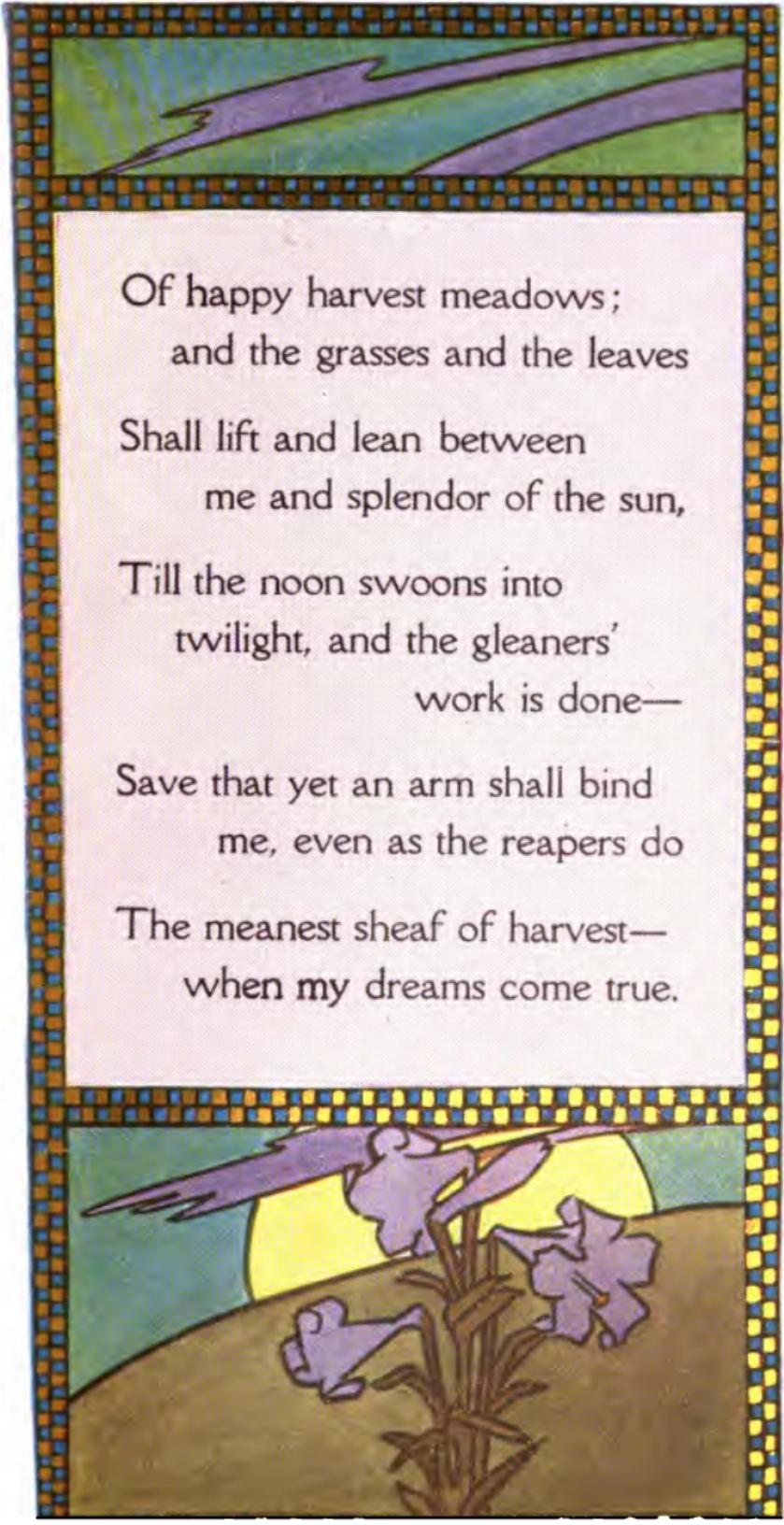
To be minted into kisses, more
than any heart can hold?—

Or "the summer of my
tresses" shall my lover liken to

"The fervor of his passion" —
when my dreams come true?

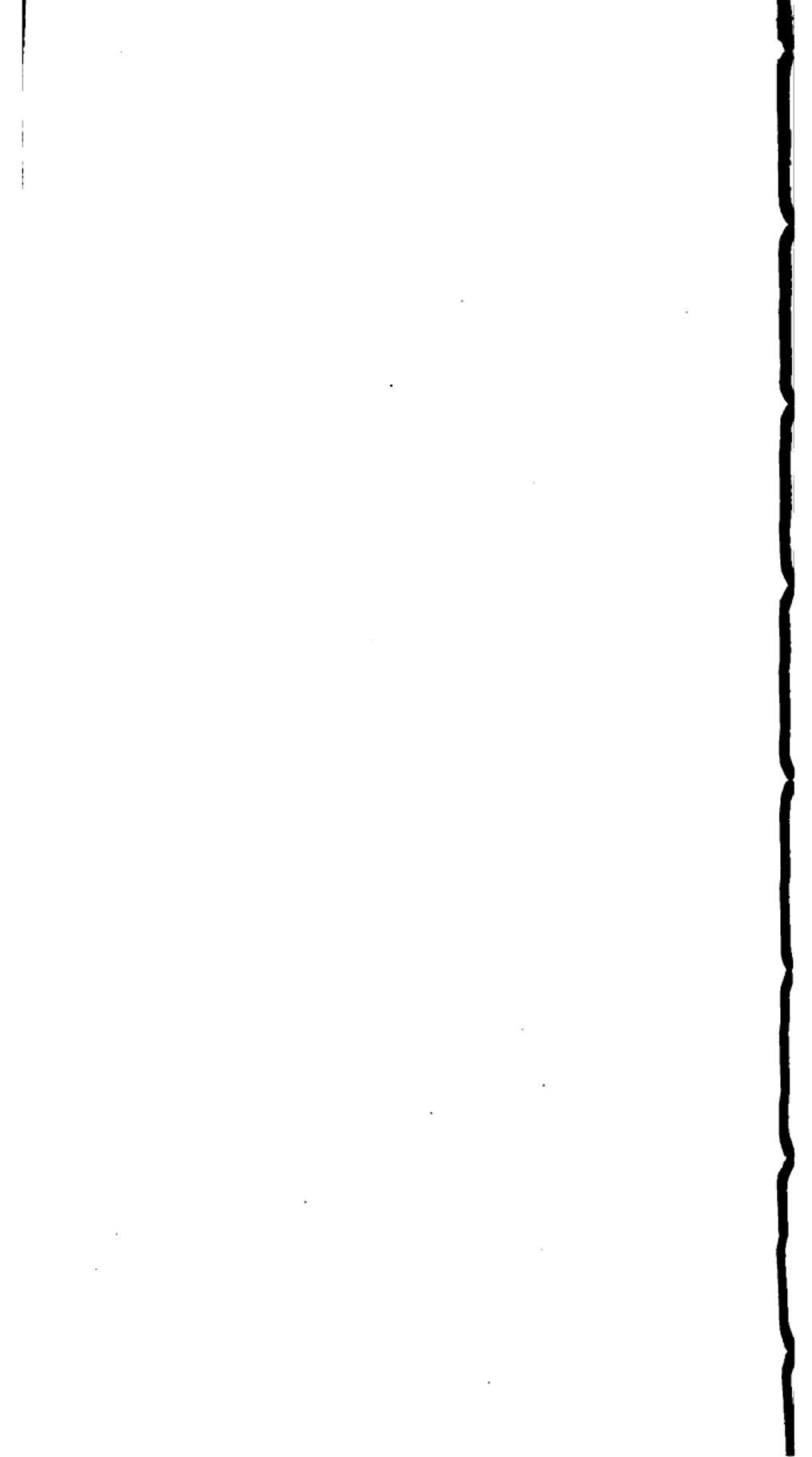
When my dreams come true—
I shall bide among the sheaves

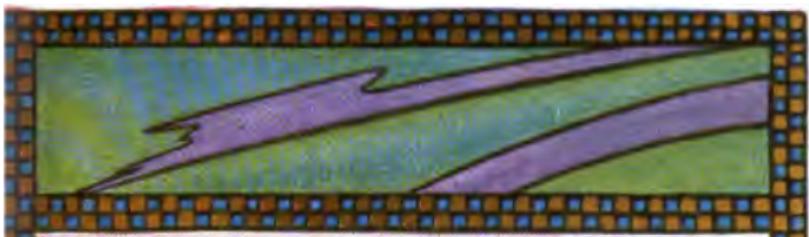




Of happy harvest meadows;
and the grasses and the leaves
Shall lift and lean between
me and splendor of the sun,
Till the noon swoons into
twilight, and the gleaners'
work is done—
Save that yet an arm shall bind
me, even as the reapers do
The meanest sheaf of harvest—
when my dreams come true.







When my dreams come true!
when my dreams come true!

True love in all simplicity is
fresh and pure as dew;—

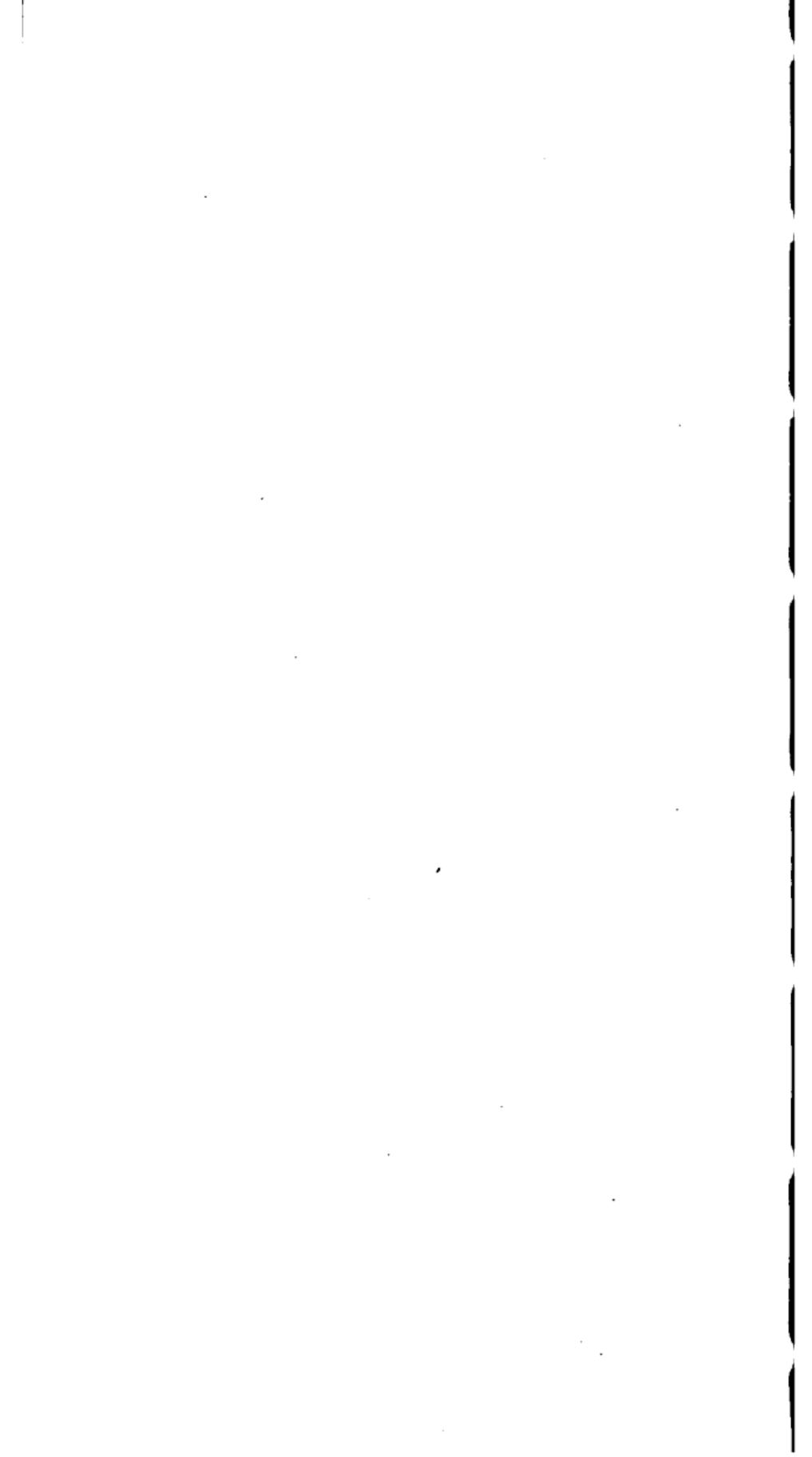
The blossom in the blackest
mold is kindlier to the eye

Than any lily born of pride
that looms against the sky:

And so it is I know my heart
will gladly welcome you,

My lowliest of lovers,
when my dreams come true.







THE ROSE



T tossed its head at
the wooing breeze;

And the sun, like
a bashful swain,

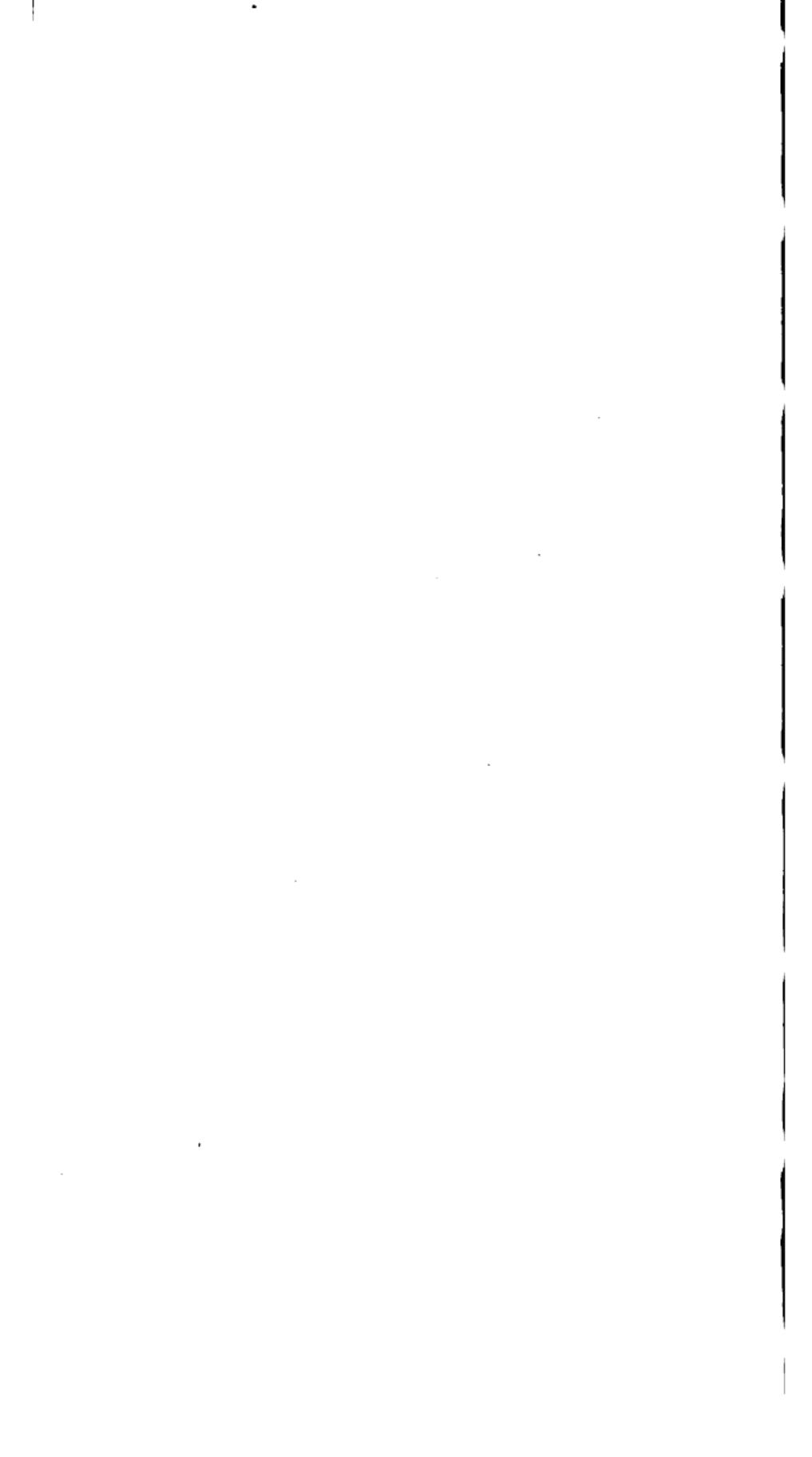
Beamed on it
through the waving trees

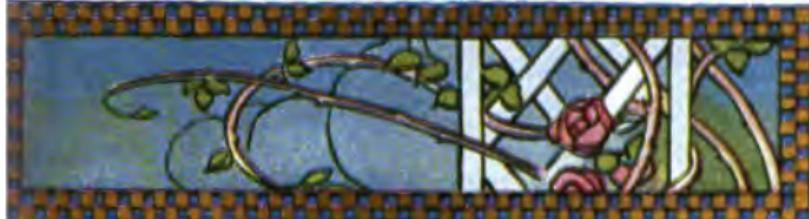
With a passion all in vain,—

For my rose laughed
in a crimson glee,

And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.







The honey-bee
came there to sing

His love through
the languid hours,

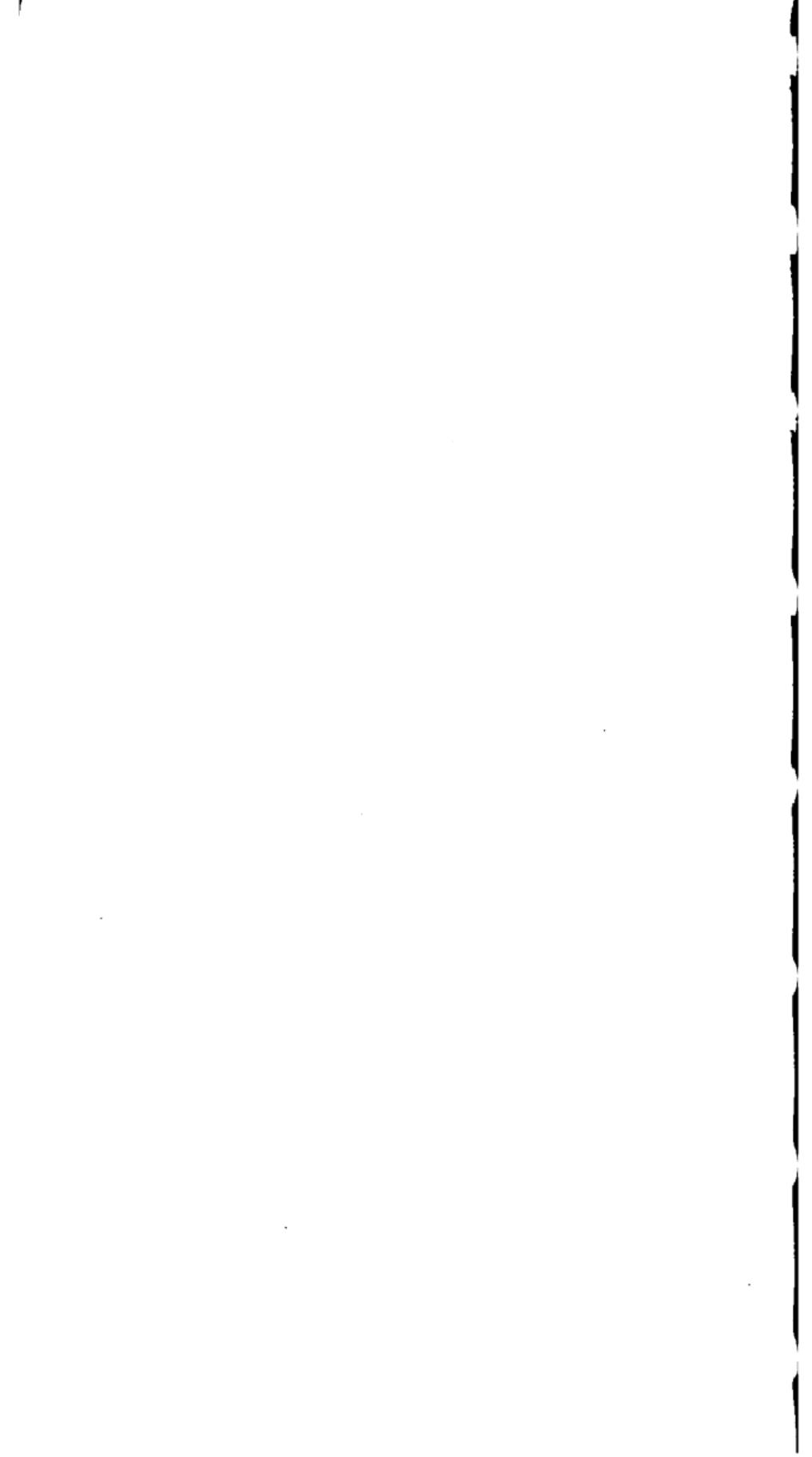
And vaunt of his hives,
as a proud old king

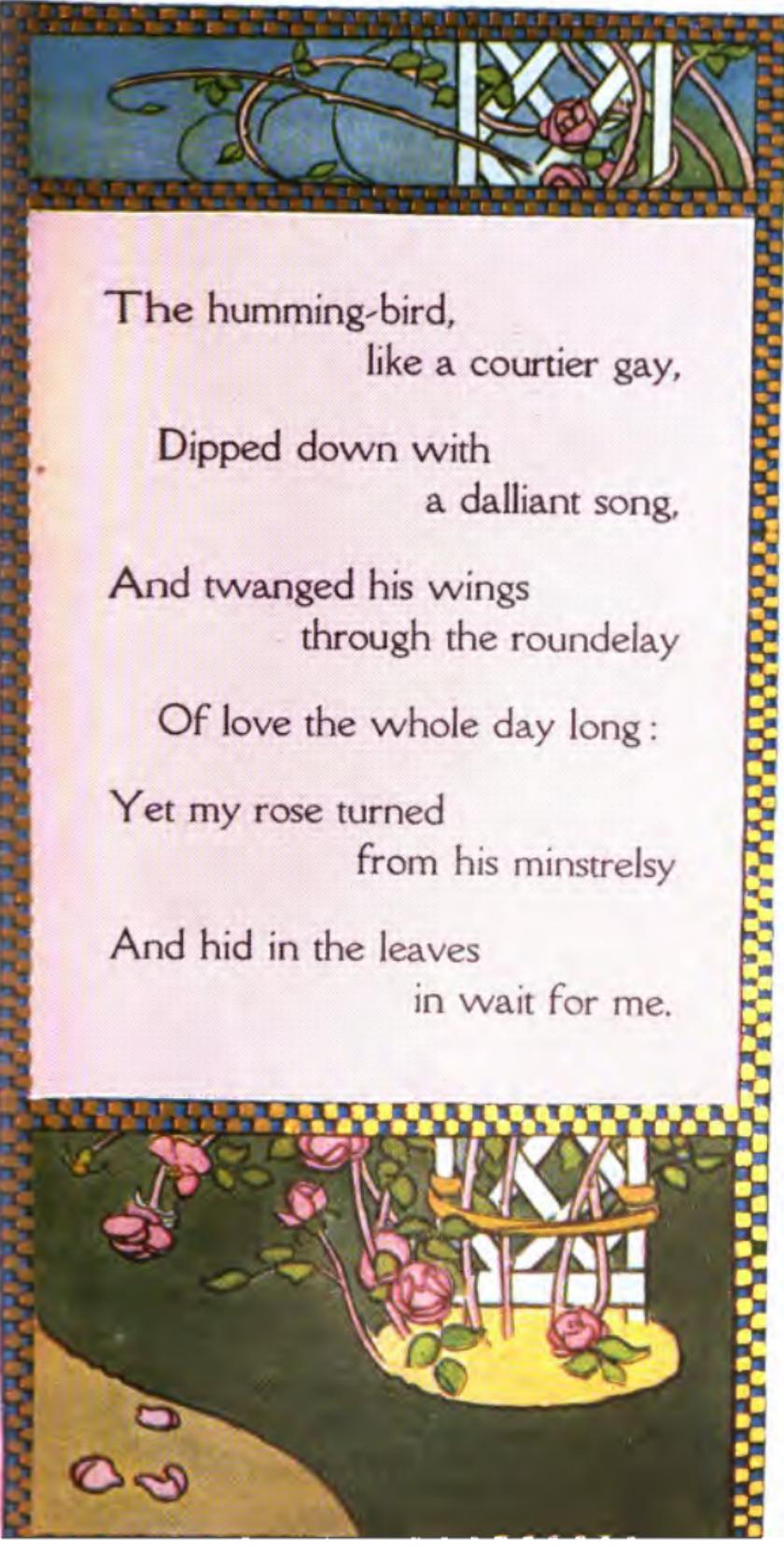
Might boast of his
palace-towers :

But my rose bowed
in a mockery,

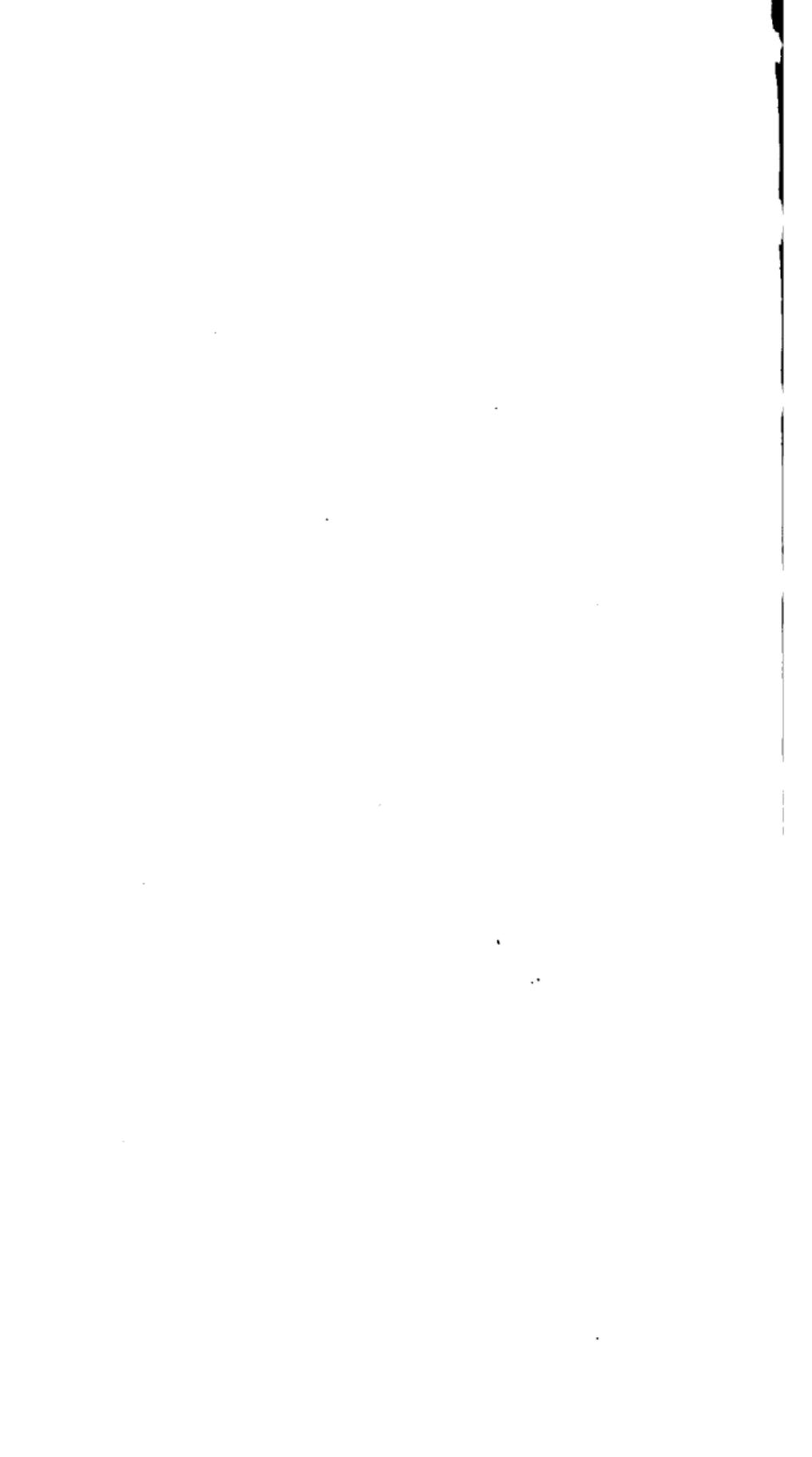
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.







The humming-bird,
like a courtier gay,
Dipped down with
a dalliant song,
And twanged his wings
through the roundelay
Of love the whole day long :
Yet my rose turned
from his minstrelsy
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.





The firefly came
in the twilight dim

My red, red rose to woo—

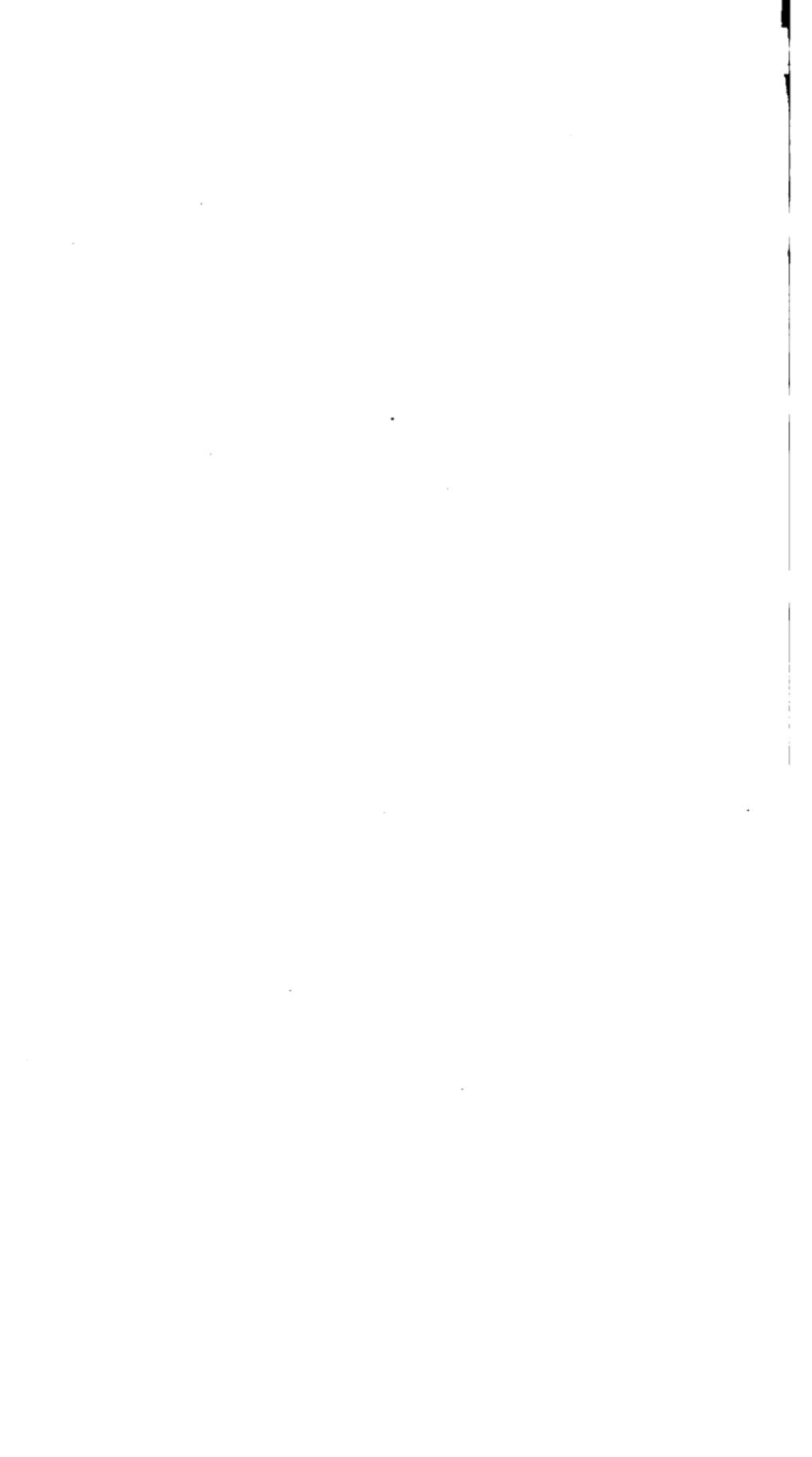
Till quenched was the
flame of love in him

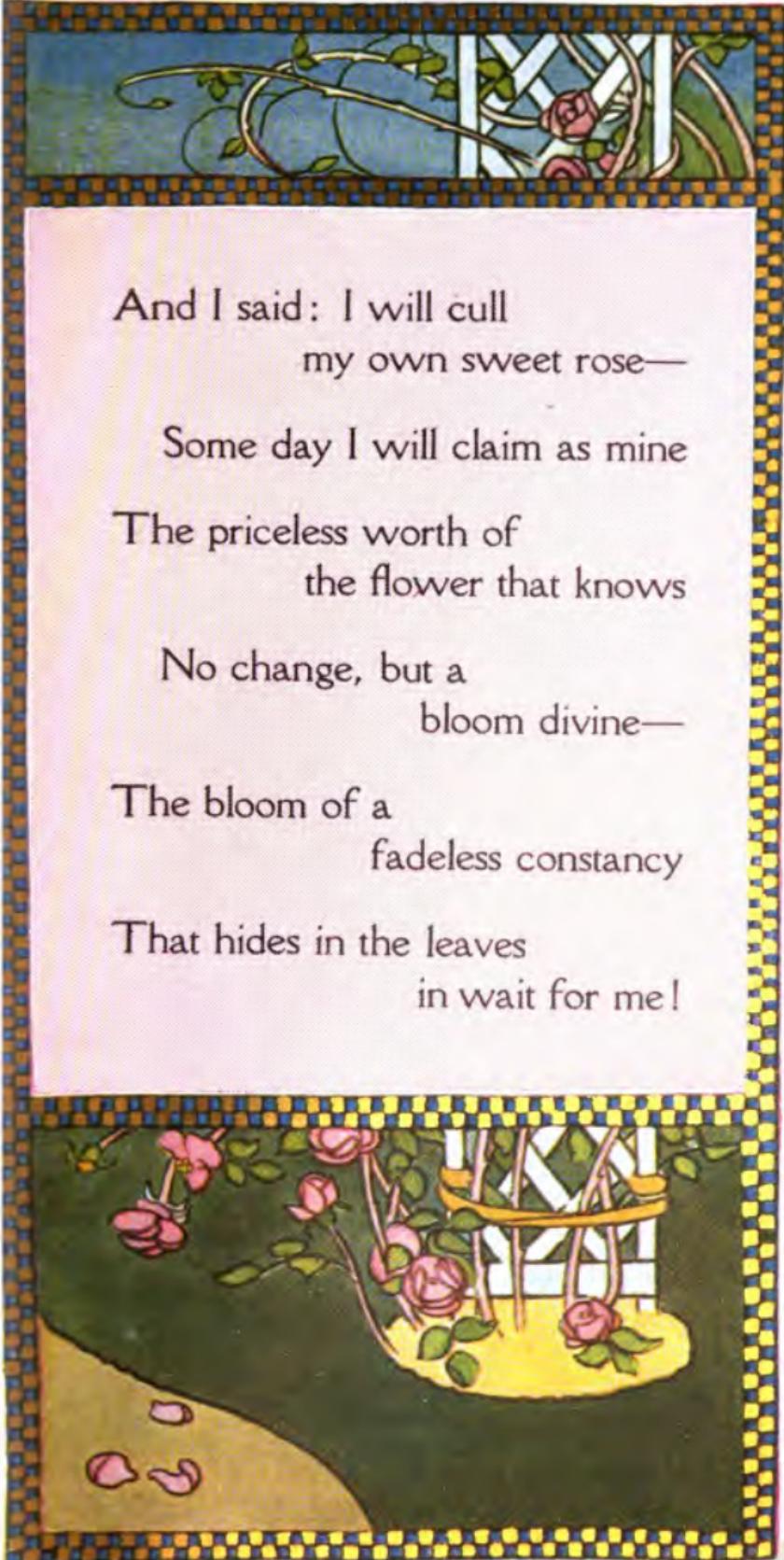
And the light of
his lantern too,

As my rose wept
with dewdrops three

And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.







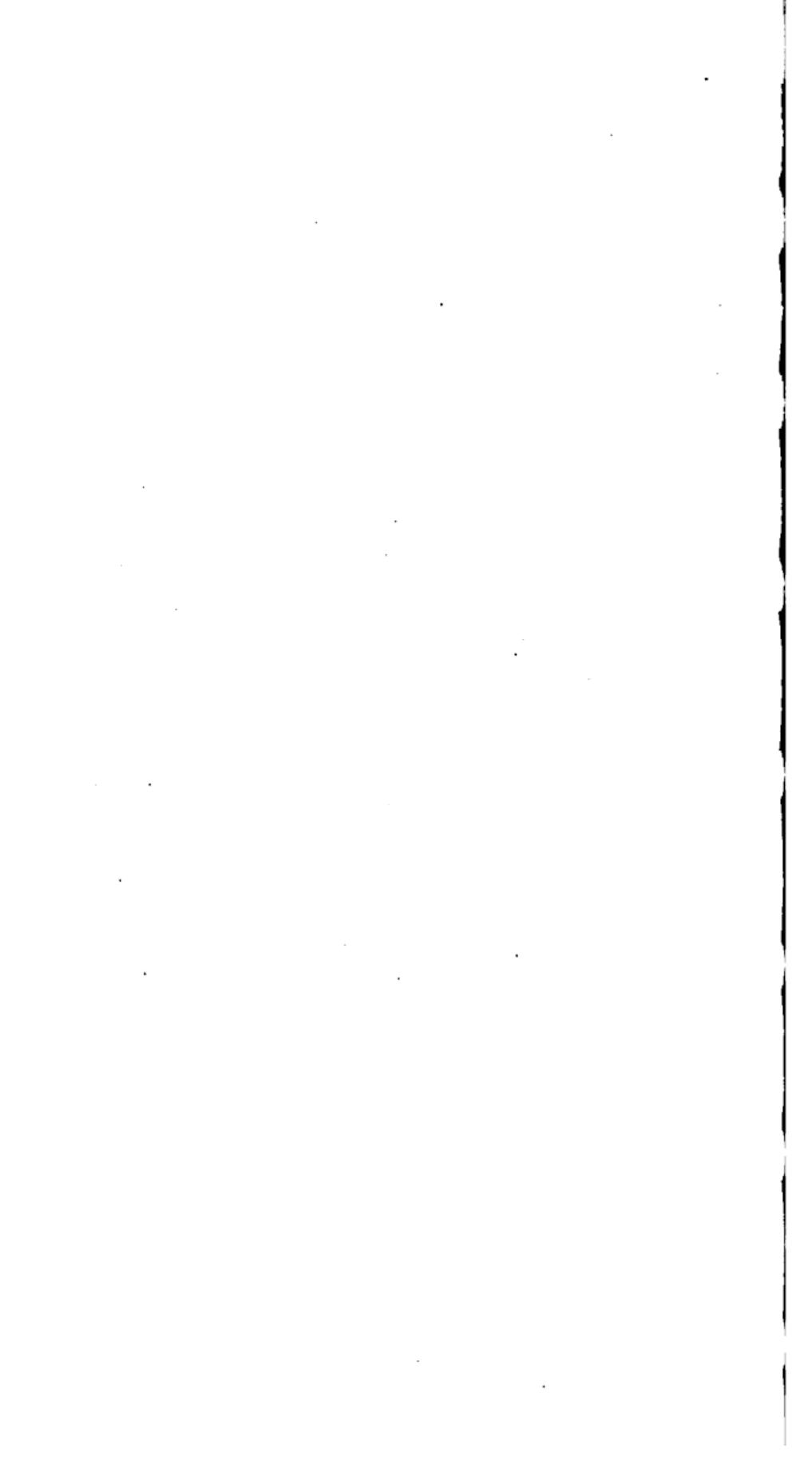
And I said: I will cull
my own sweet rose—

Some day I will claim as mine
The priceless worth of
the flower that knows

No change, but a
bloom divine—

The bloom of a
fadeless constancy

That hides in the leaves
in wait for me!





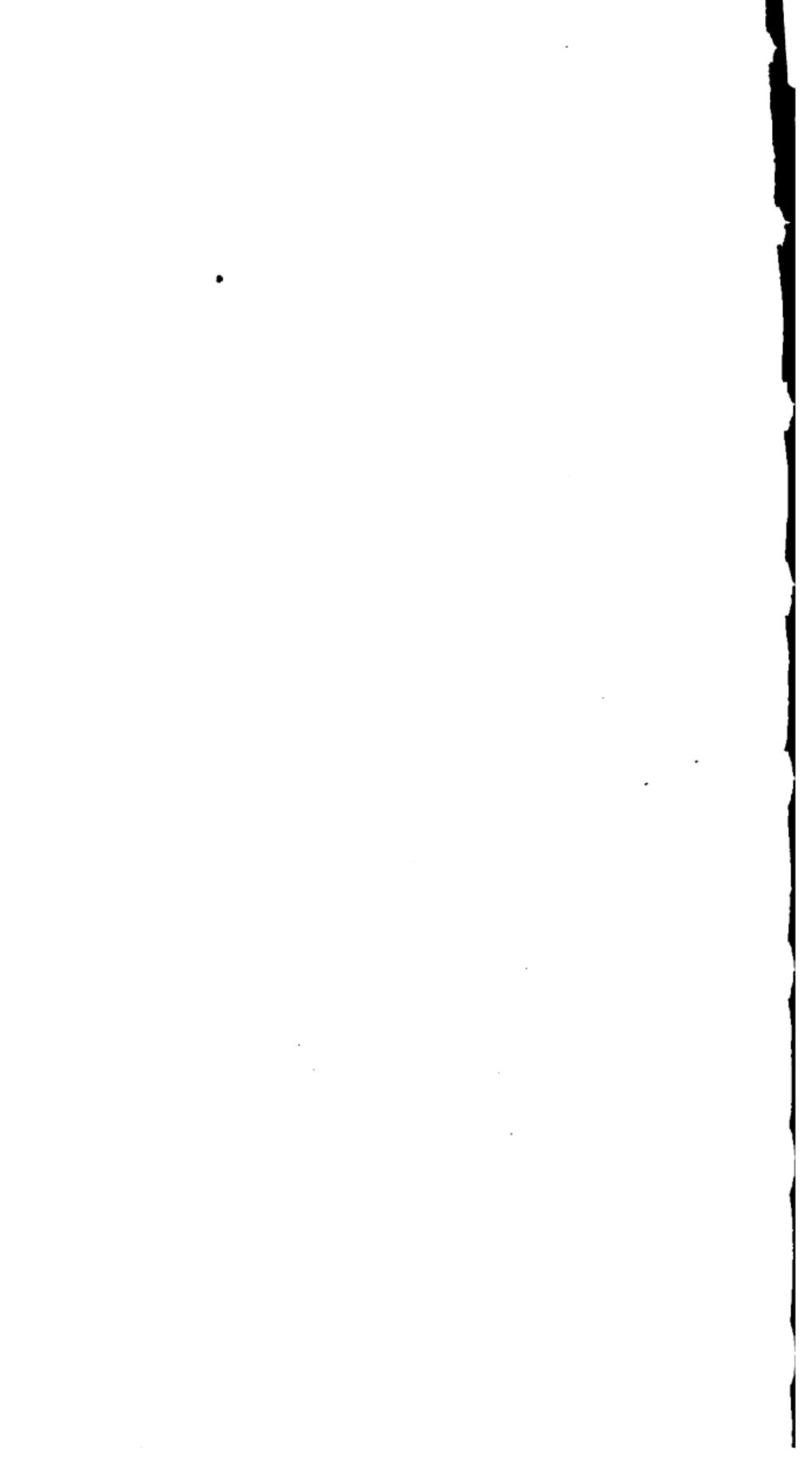
But time passed by
in a strange disguise,

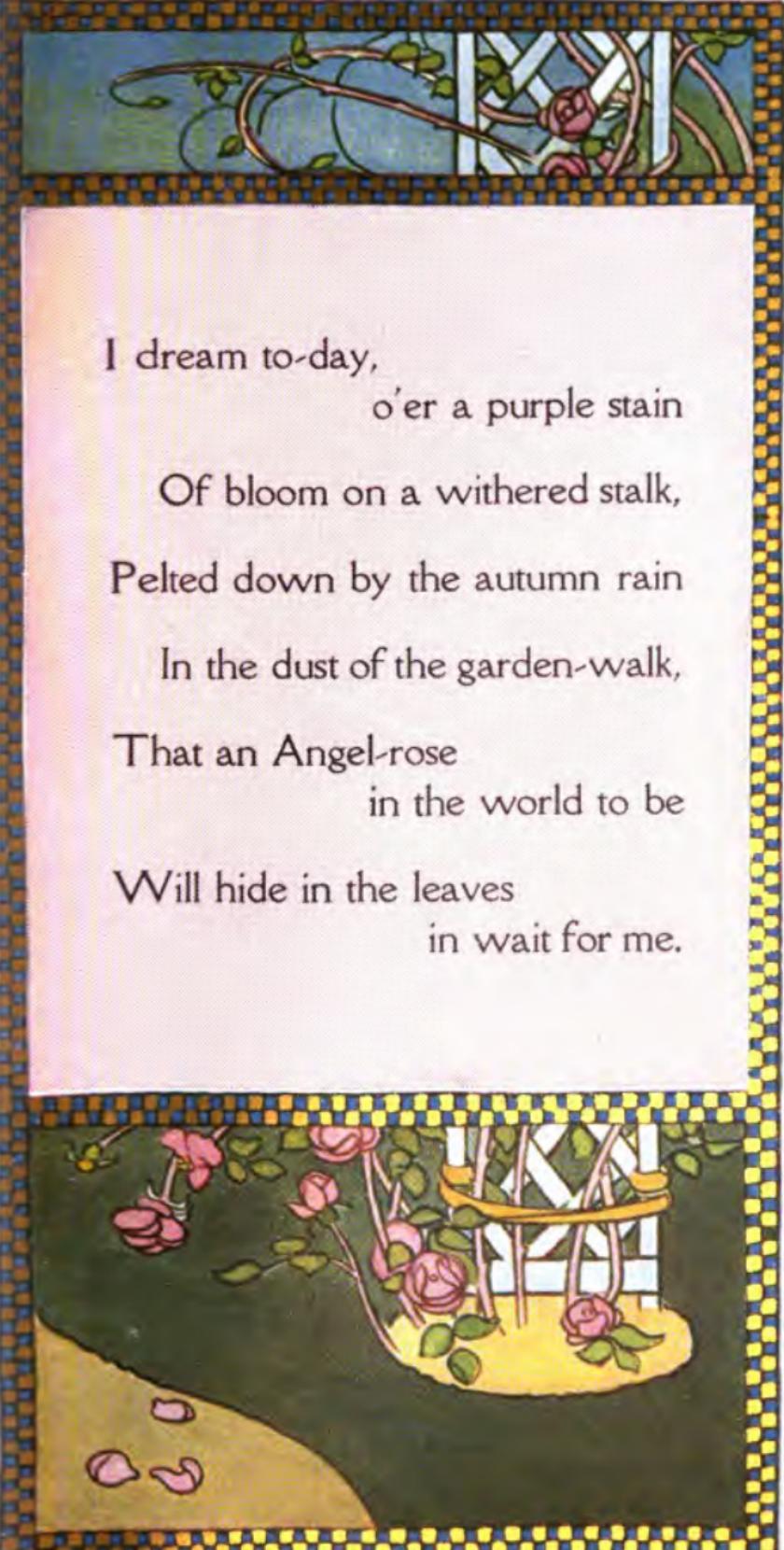
And I marked it not, but lay
In a lazy dream,
with drowsy eyes,

Till the summer slipped away,
And a chill wind sang
in a minor key:

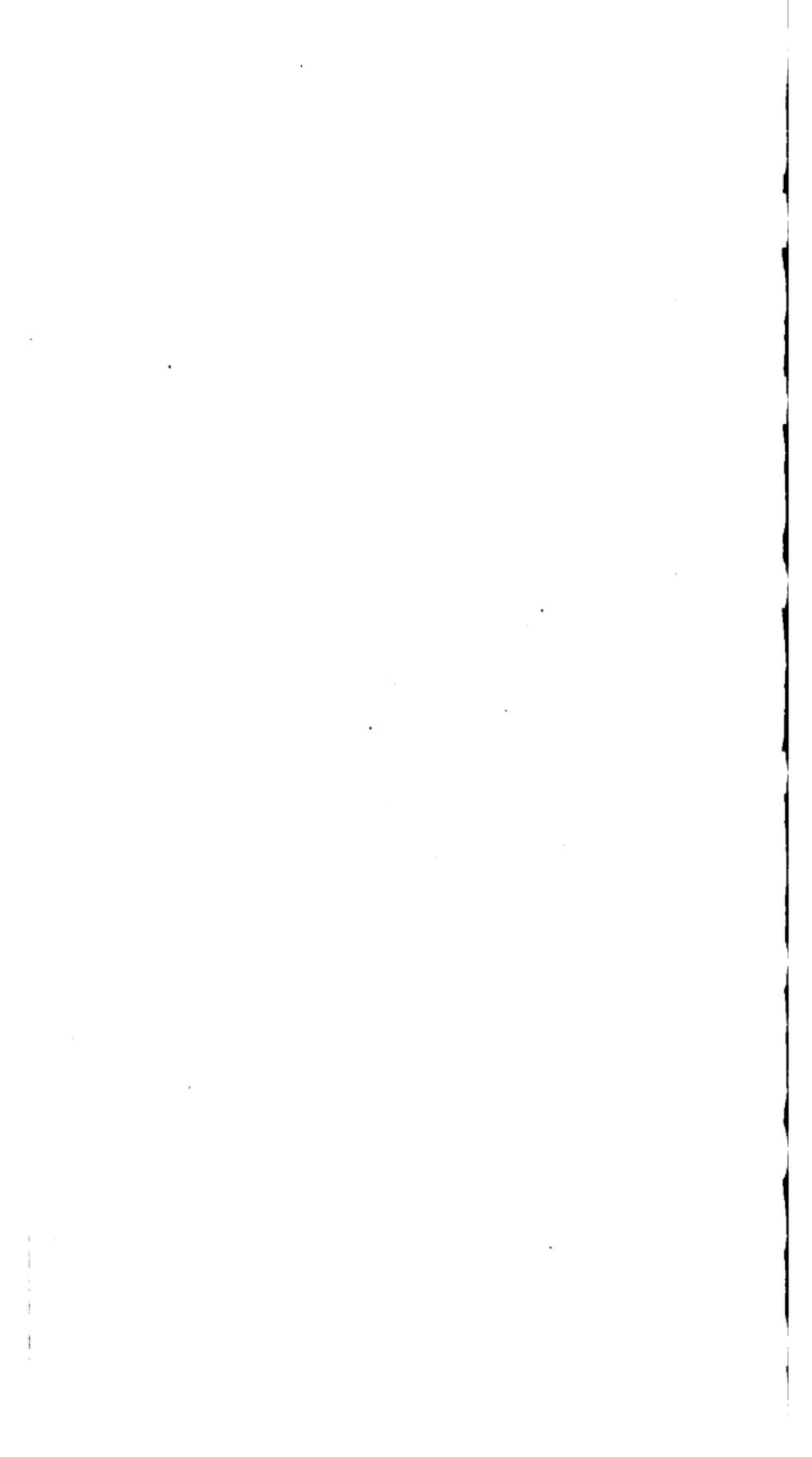
“Where is the rose
that waits for thee?”







I dream to-day,
 o'er a purple stain
 Of bloom on a withered stalk,
Pelted down by the autumn rain
 In the dust of the garden-walk,
That an Angel-rose
 in the world to be
Will hide in the leaves
 in wait for me.





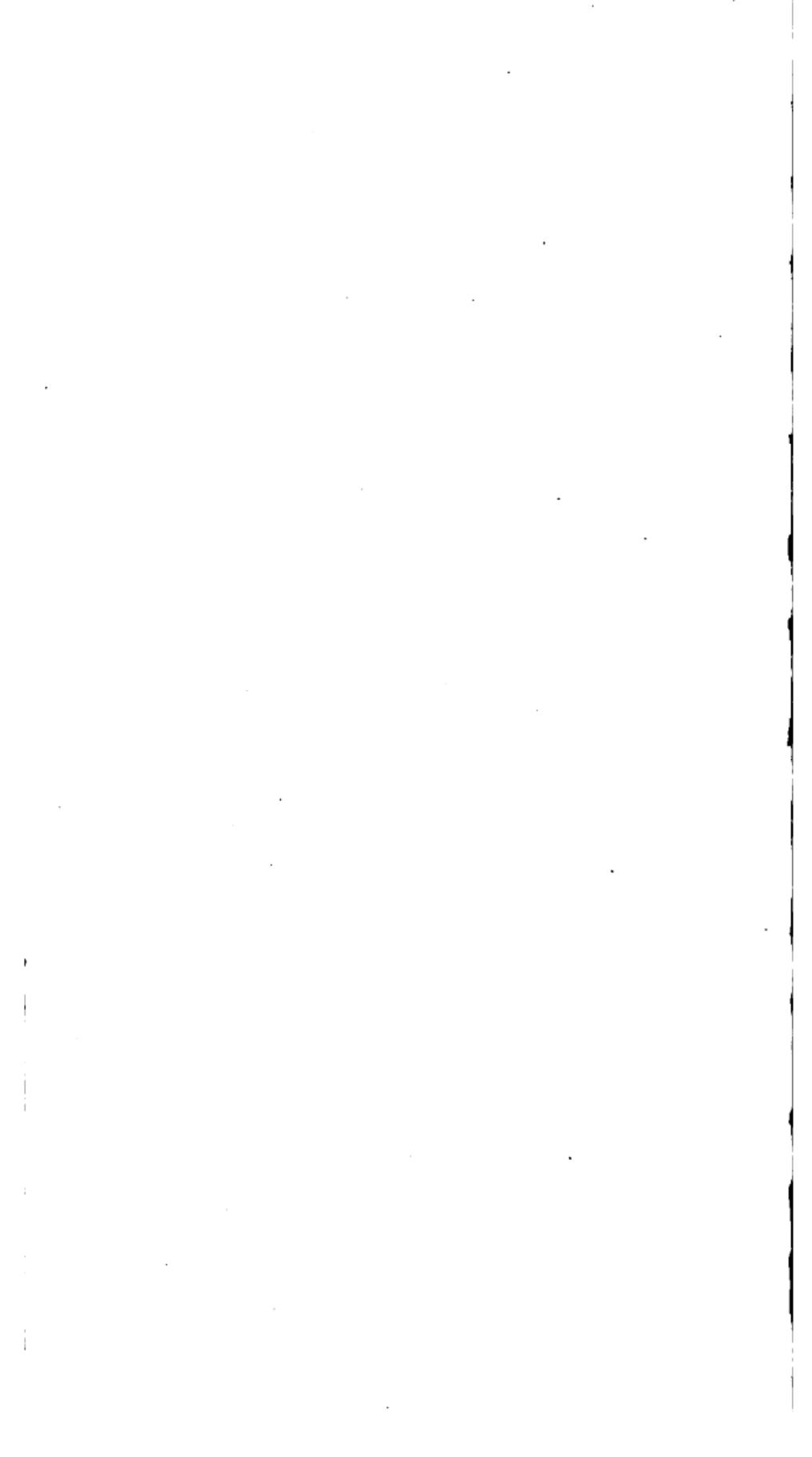
AWAY

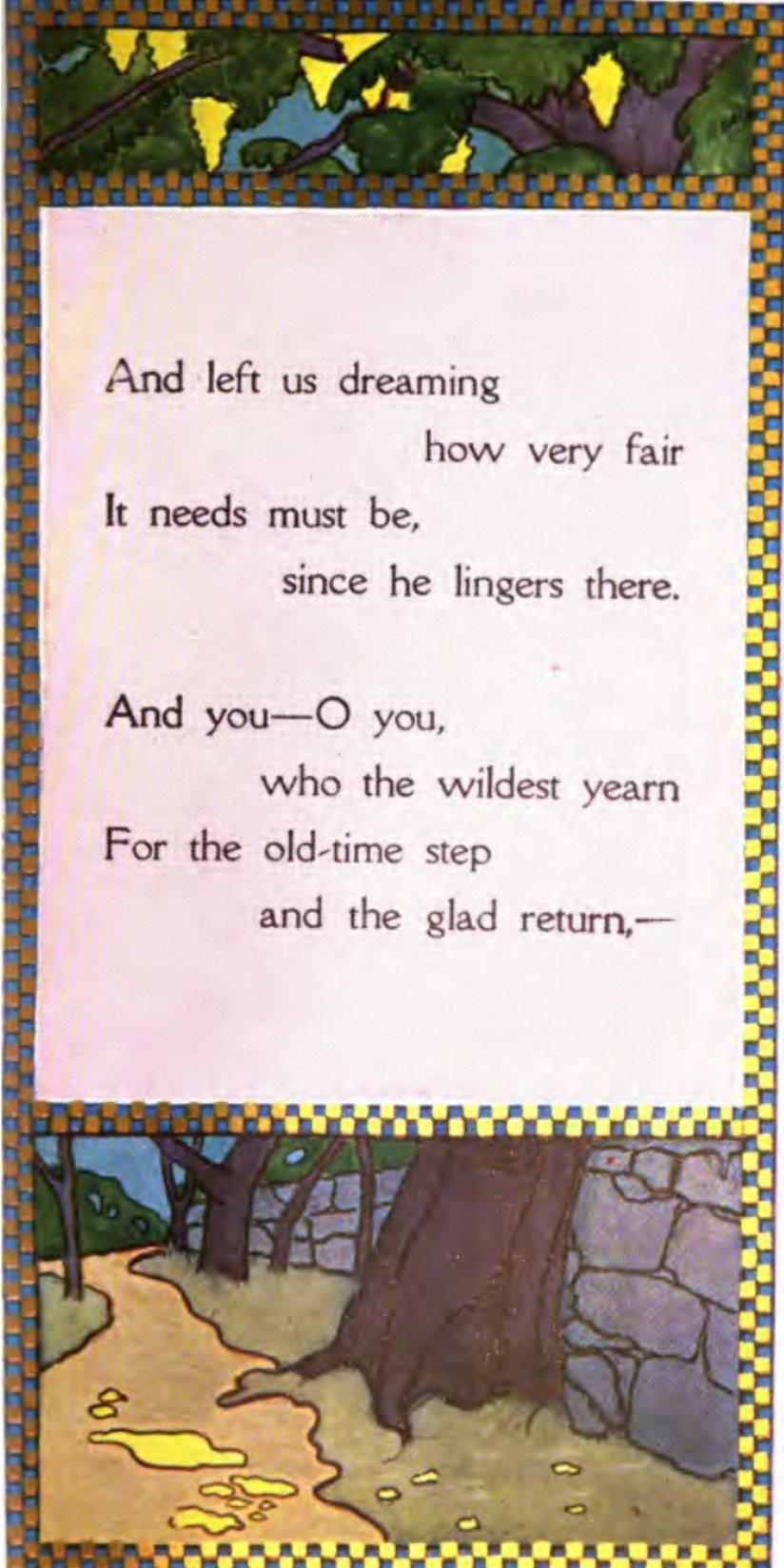


CANNOT say, and
I will not say
That he is dead.—
He is just away!

With a cheery smile,
and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into
an unknown land,

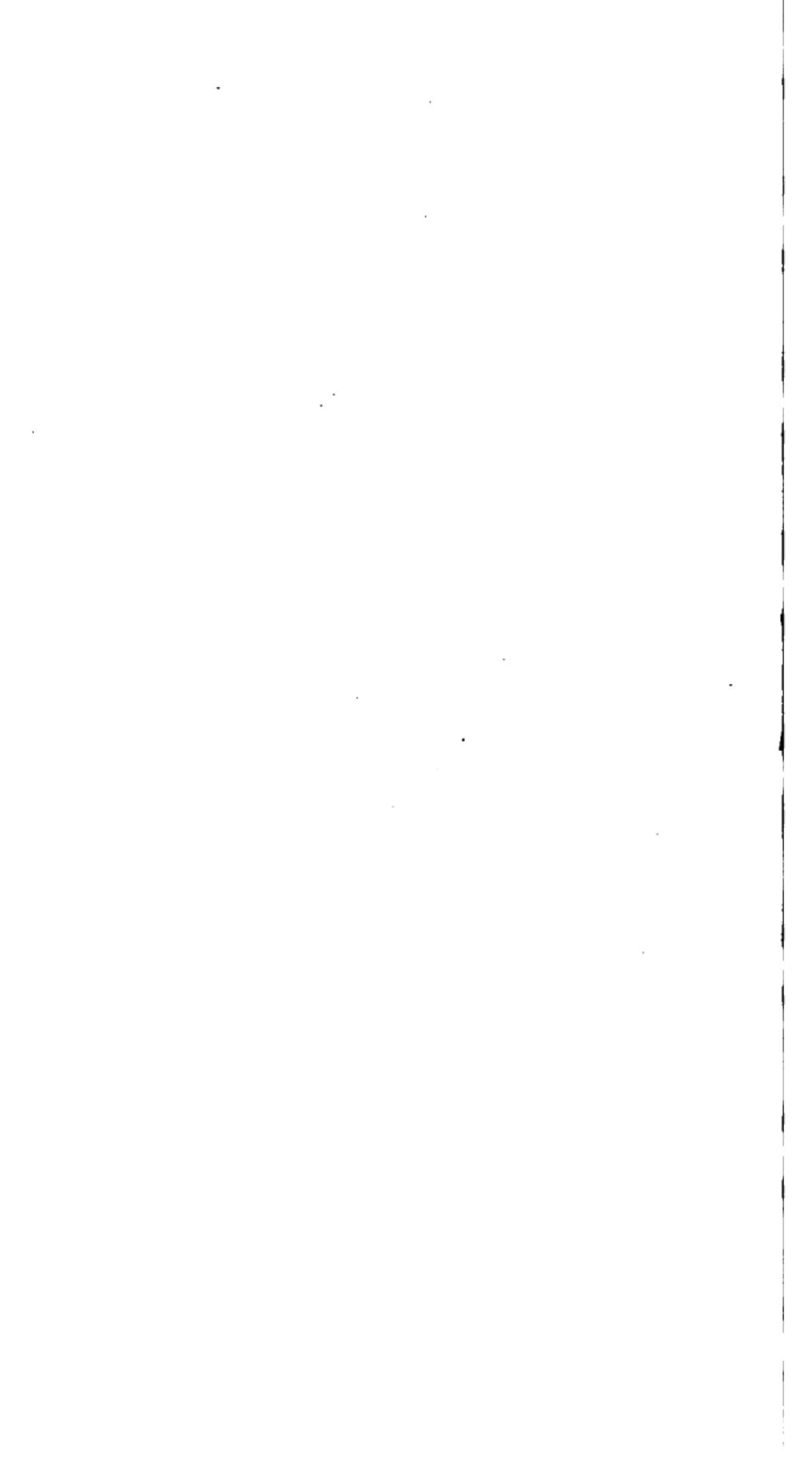


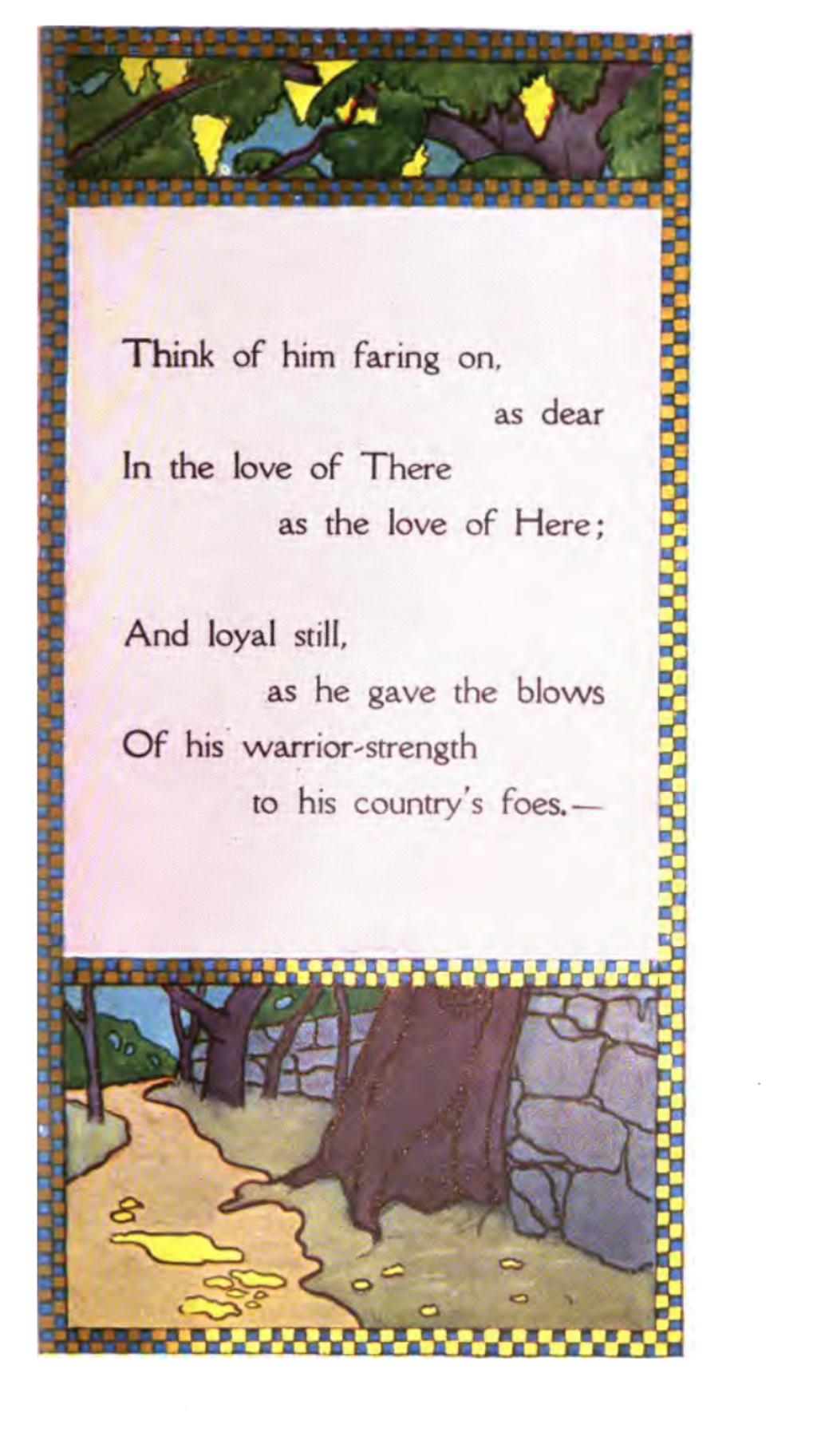




And left us dreaming
 how very fair
It needs must be,
 since he lingers there.

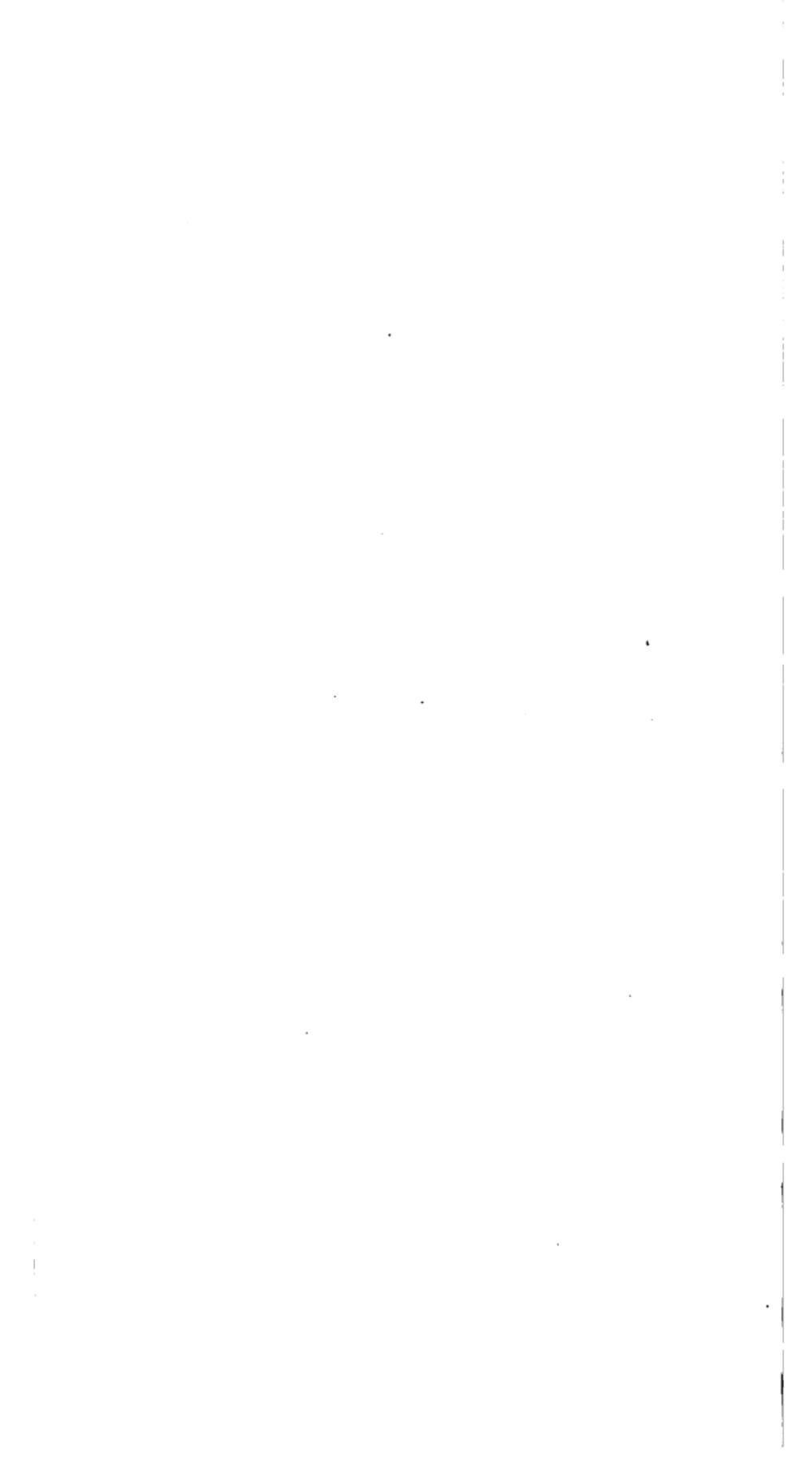
And you—O you,
 who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step
 and the glad return,—

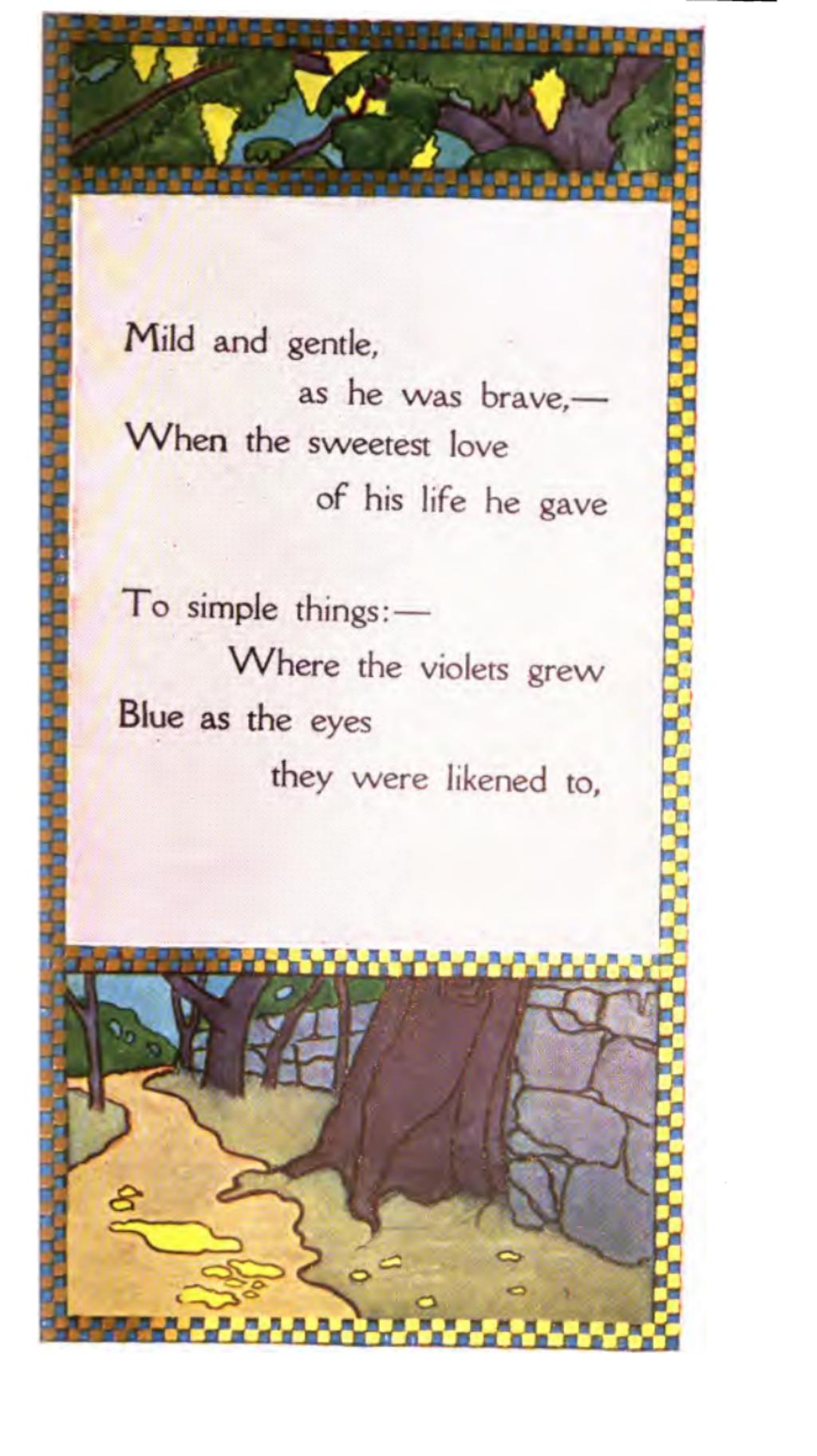




Think of him faring on,
as dear
In the love of There
as the love of Here;

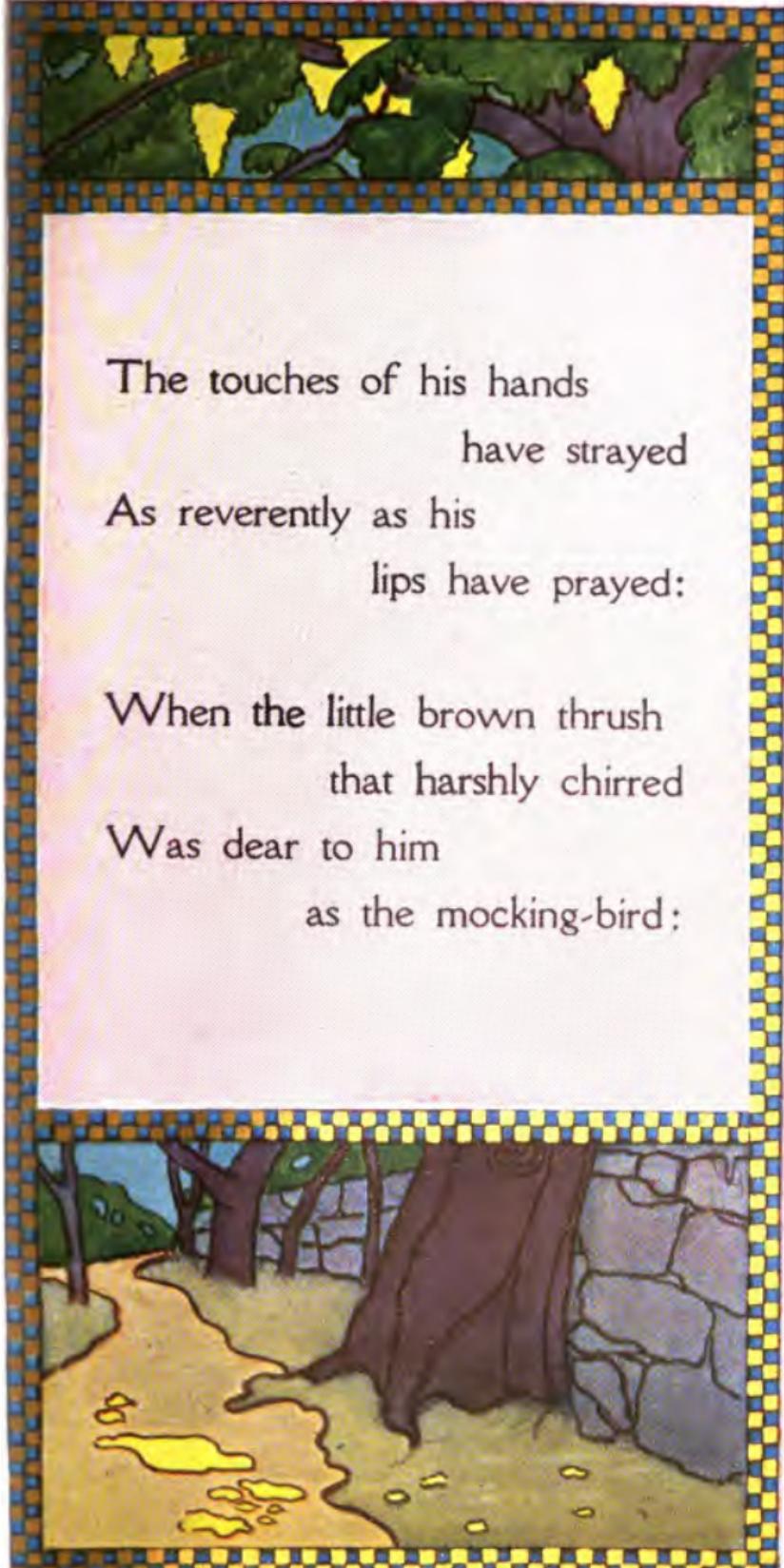
And loyal still,
as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength
to his country's foes.—





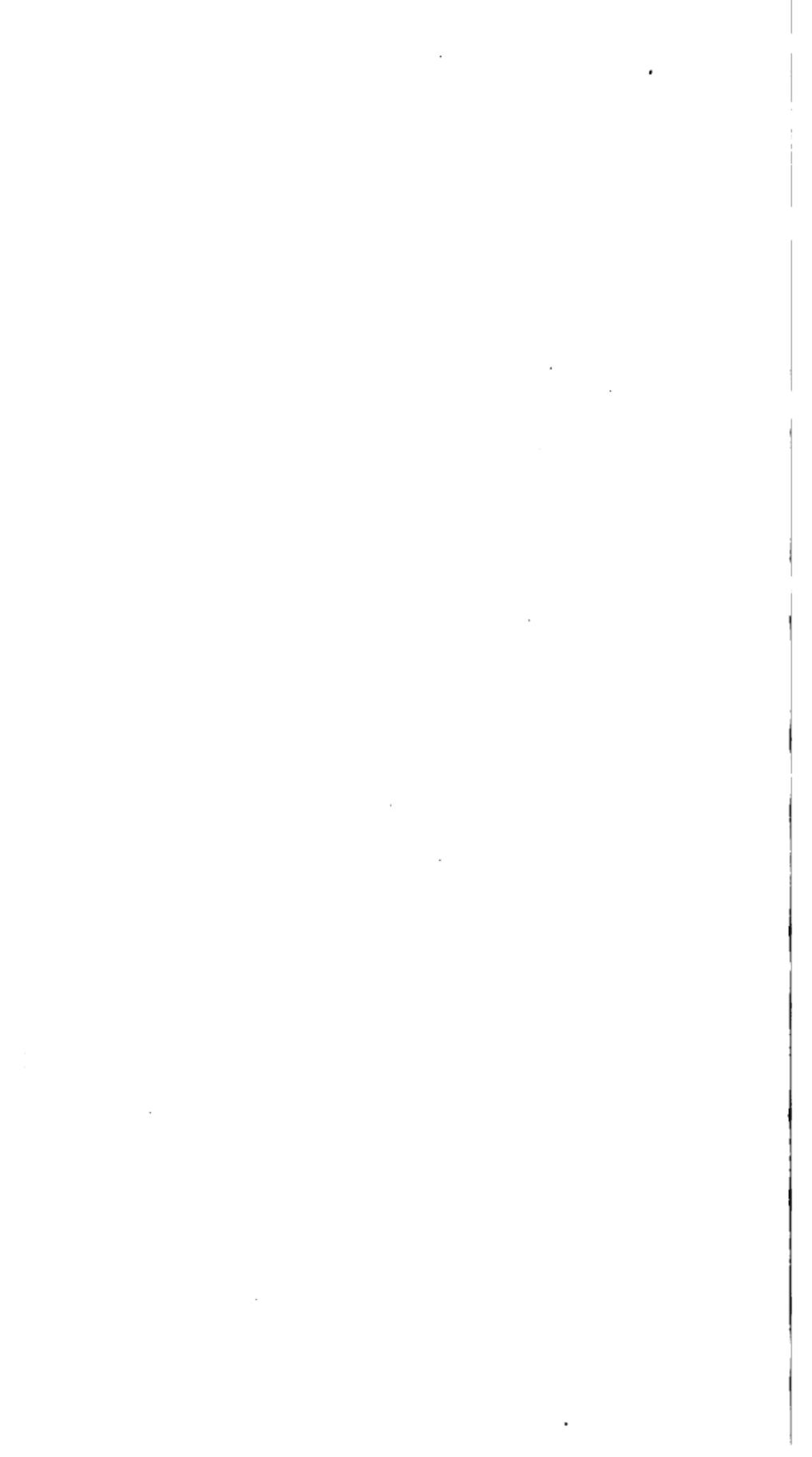
Mild and gentle,
as he was brave,—
When the sweetest love
of his life he gave

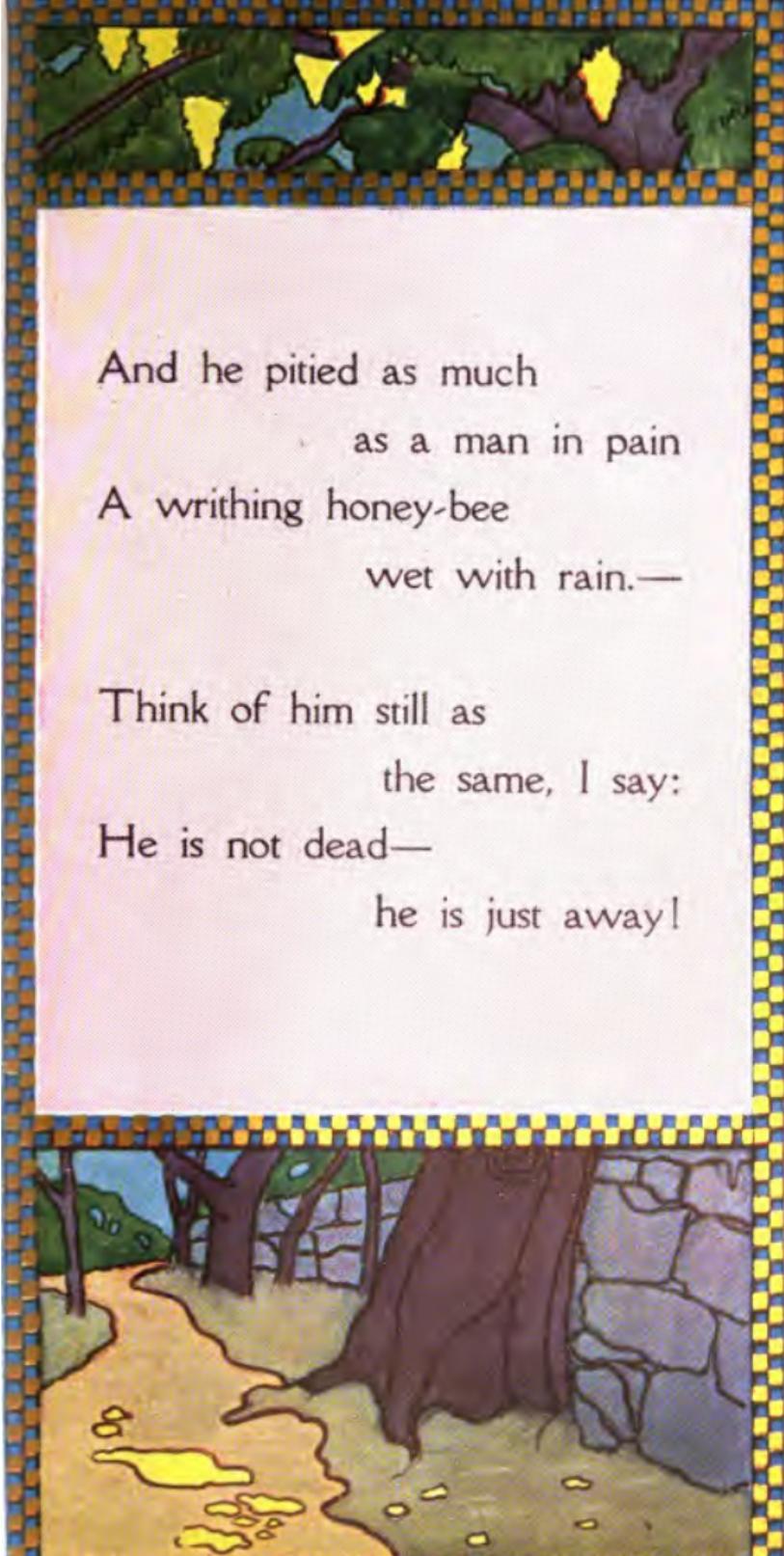
To simple things:—
Where the violets grew
Blue as the eyes
they were likened to,



The touches of his hands
have strayed
As reverently as his
lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush
that harshly chirred
Was dear to him
as the mocking-bird:





And he pitied as much
as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee
wet with rain.—

Think of him still as
the same, I say:
He is not dead—
he is just away!





HER BEAUTIFUL EYES

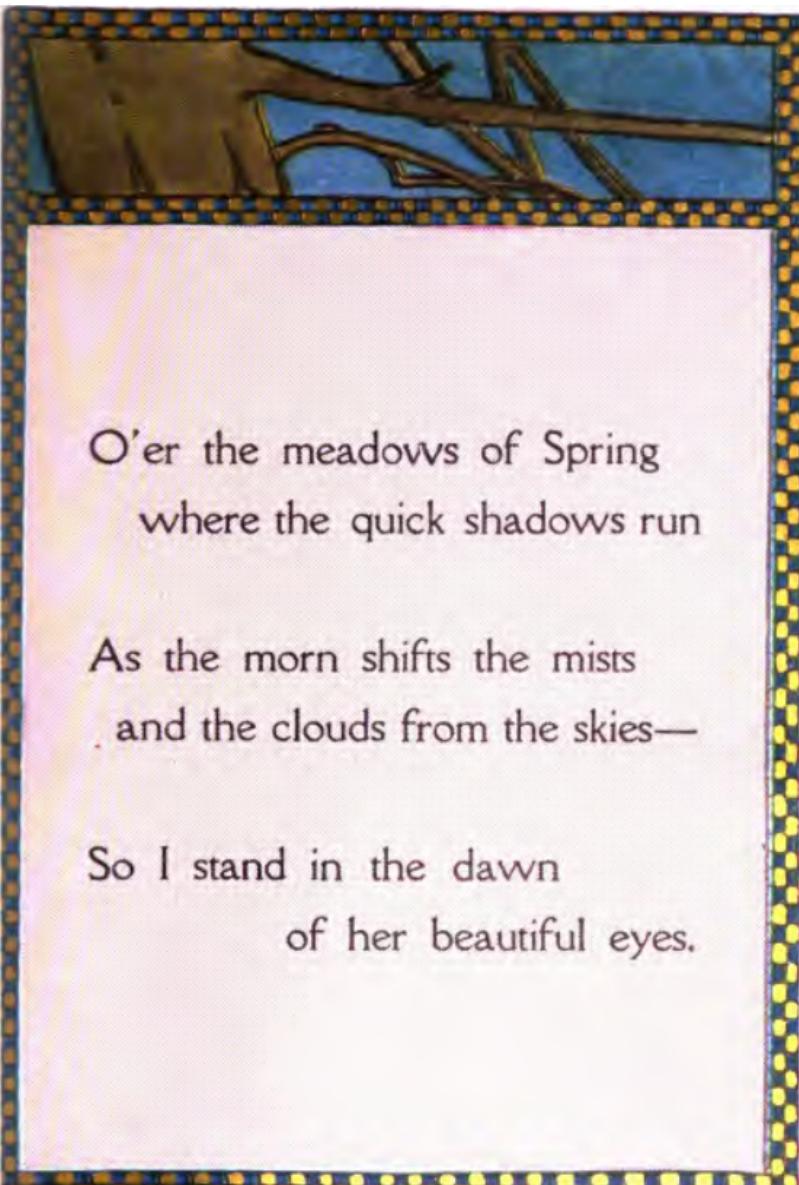


HER beautiful
eyes! they are blue
as the dew

On the violet's bloom
when the morning is new,

And the light of their love
is the gleam of the sun



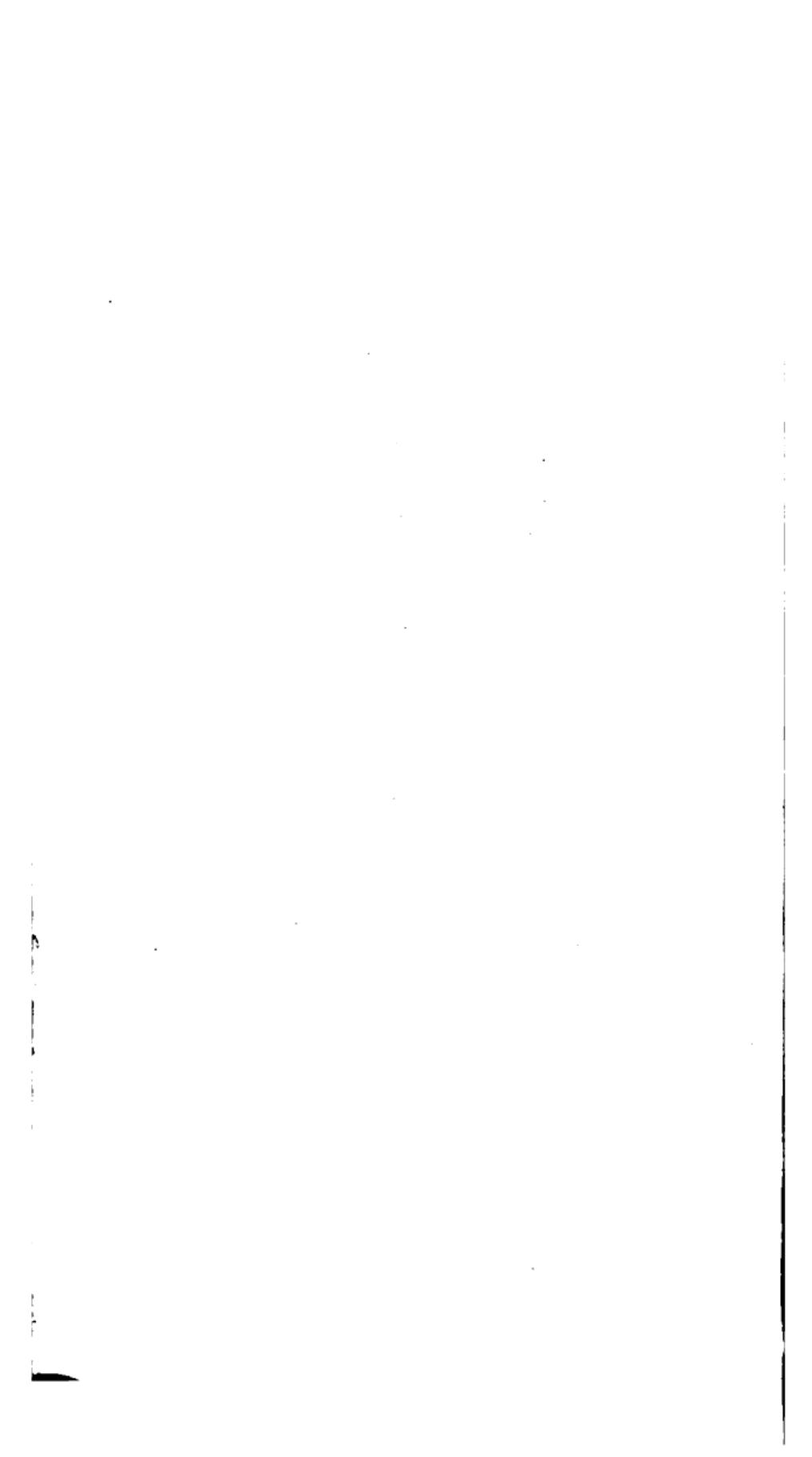


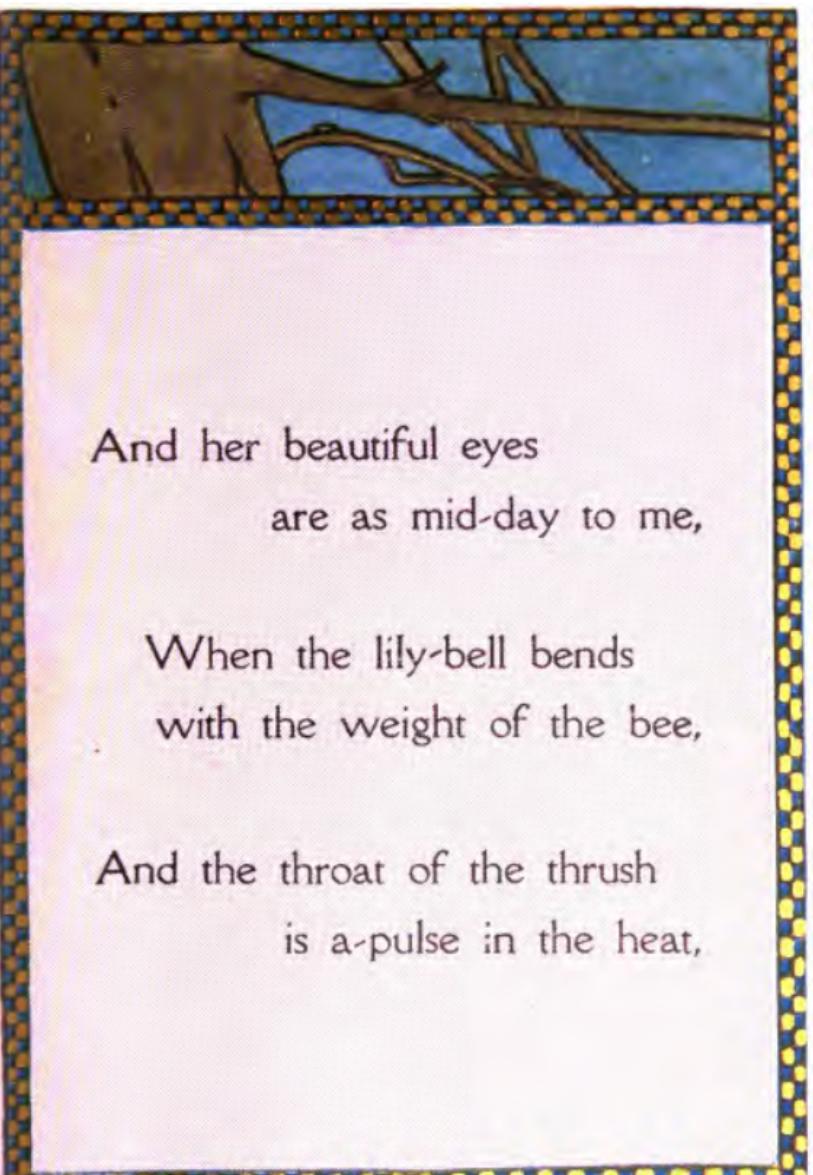
O'er the meadows of Spring
where the quick shadows run

As the morn shifts the mists
and the clouds from the skies—

So I stand in the dawn
of her beautiful eyes.





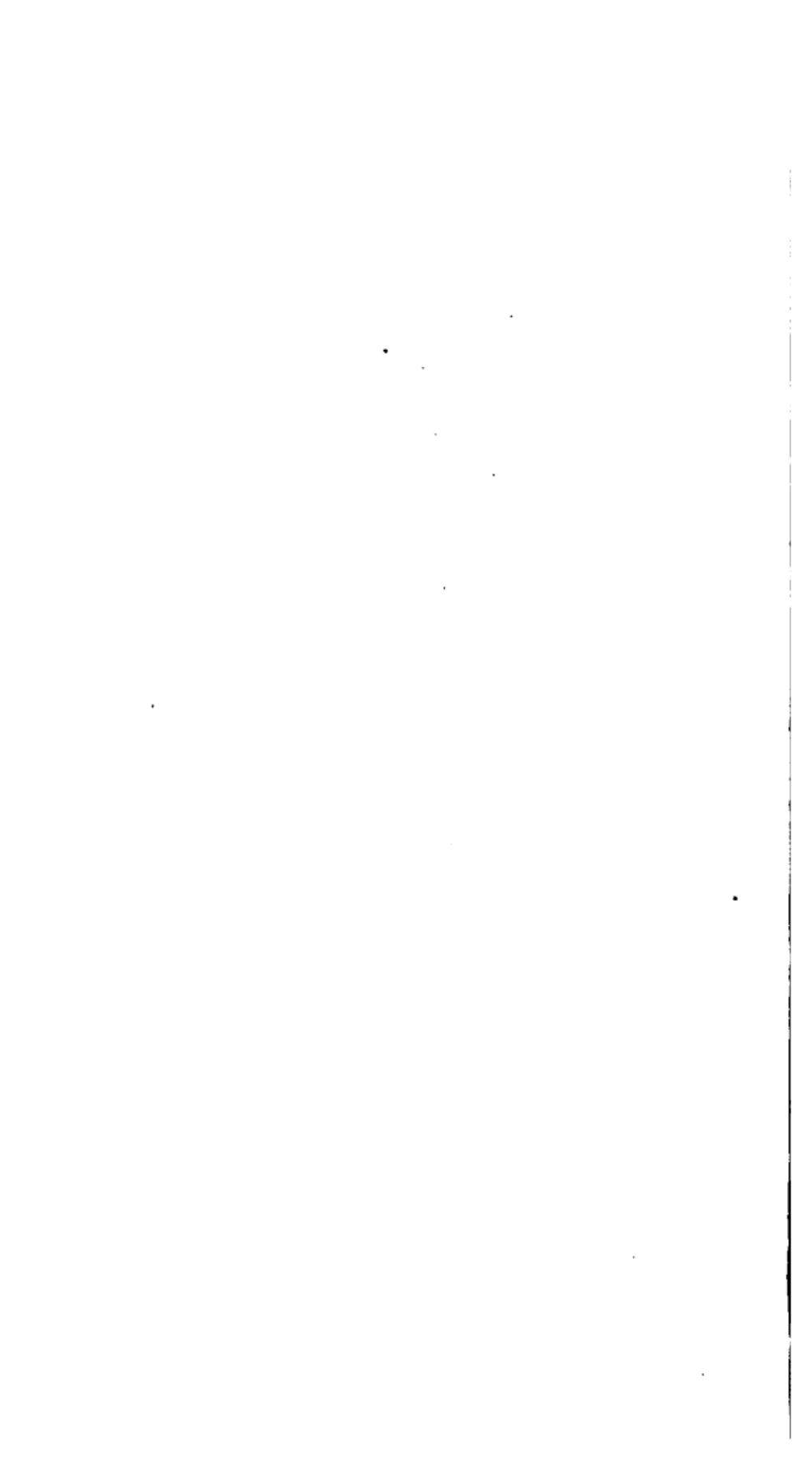


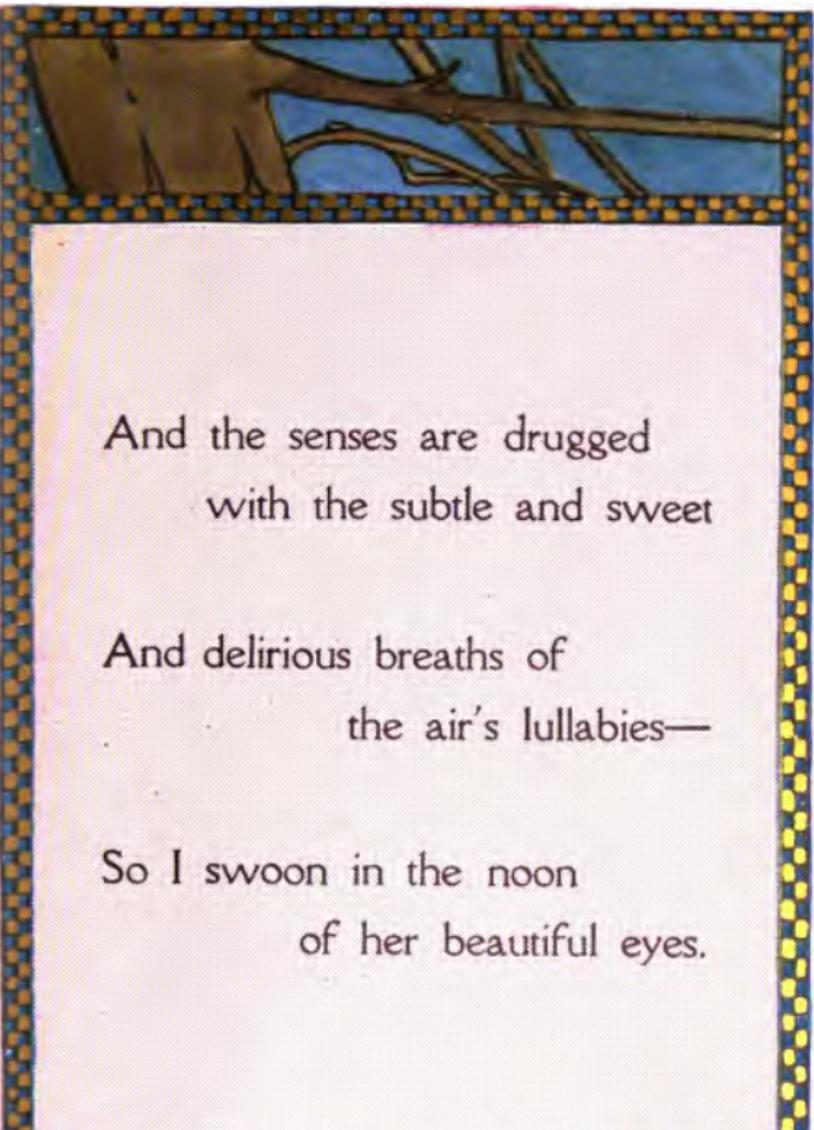
And her beautiful eyes
are as mid-day to me,

When the lily-bell bends
with the weight of the bee,

And the throat of the thrush
is a-pulse in the heat,





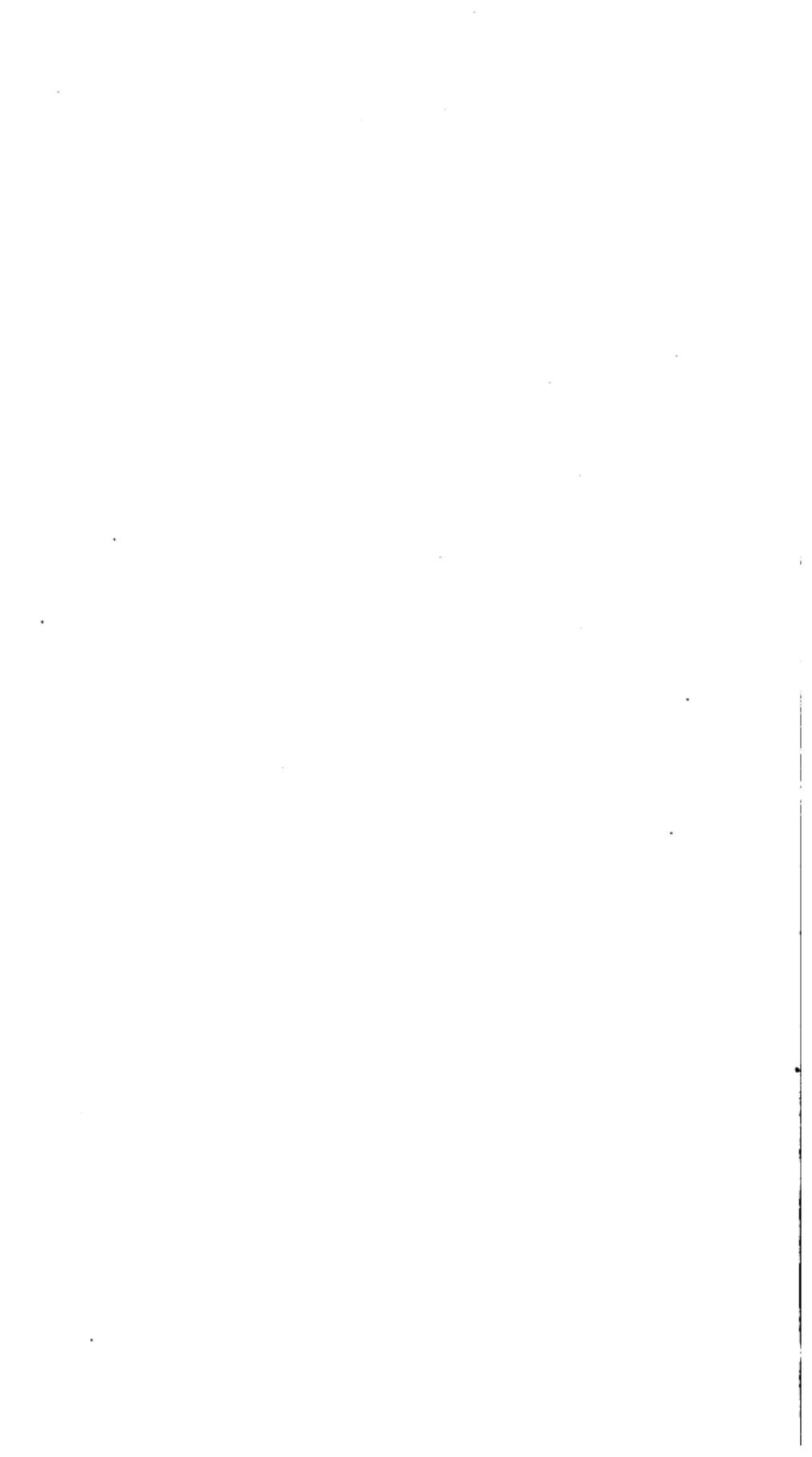


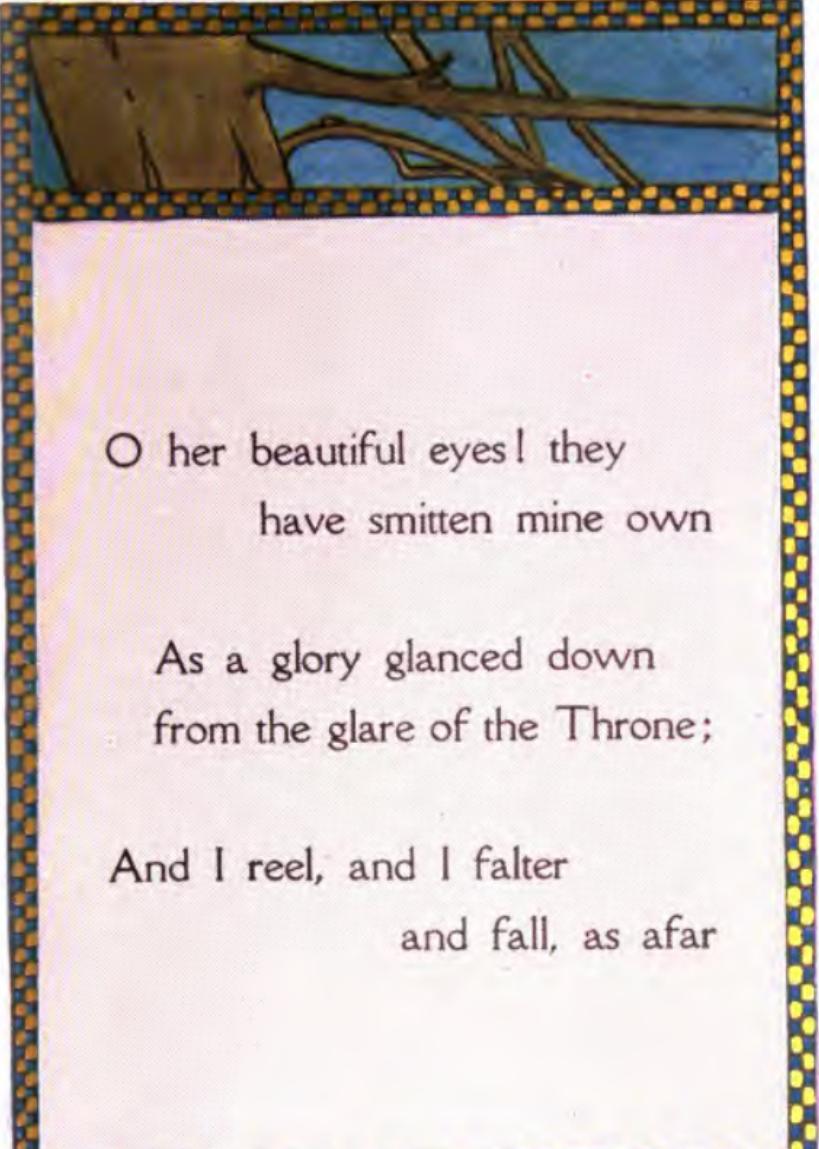
And the senses are drugged
with the subtle and sweet

And delirious breaths of
the air's lullabies—

So I swoon in the noon
of her beautiful eyes.





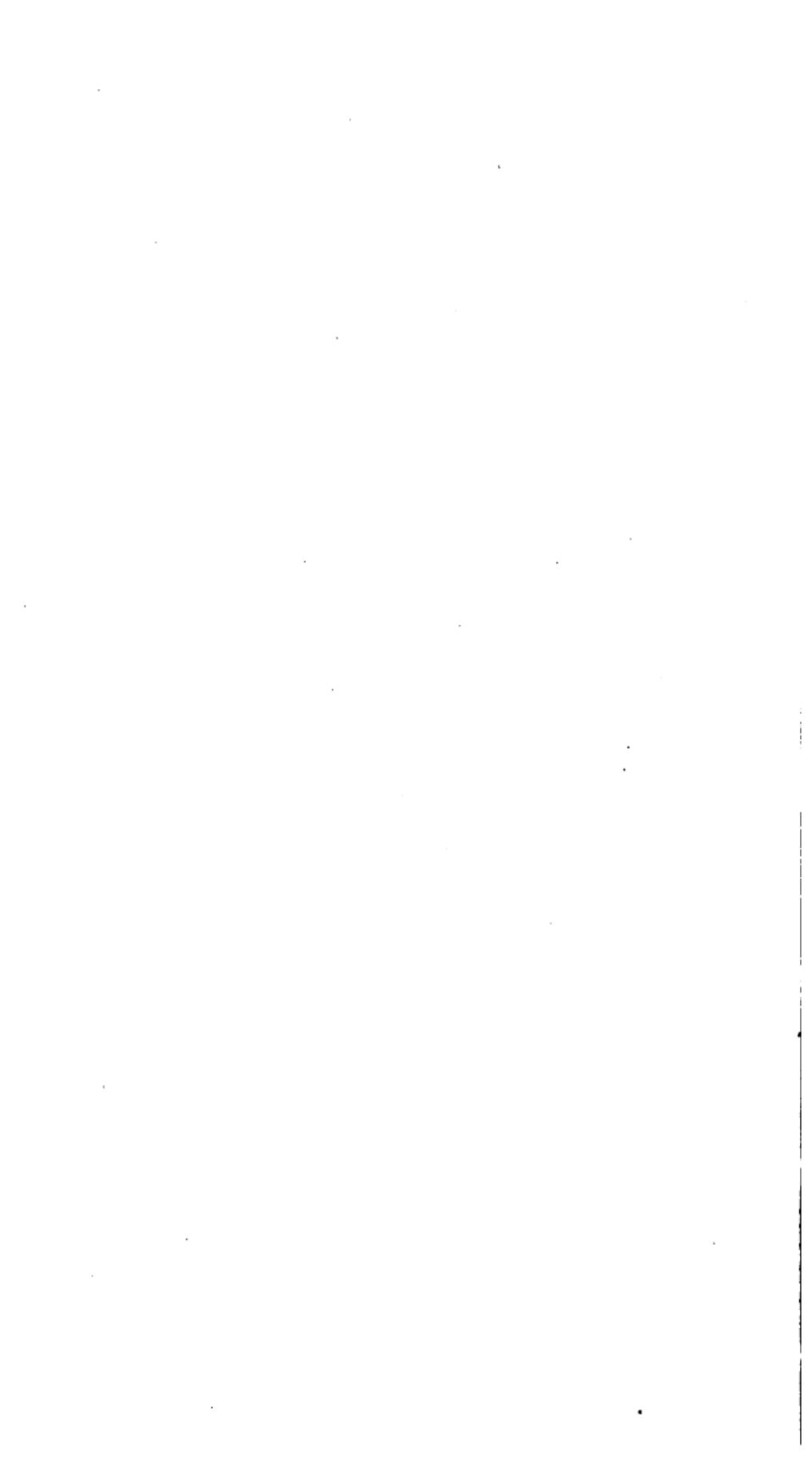


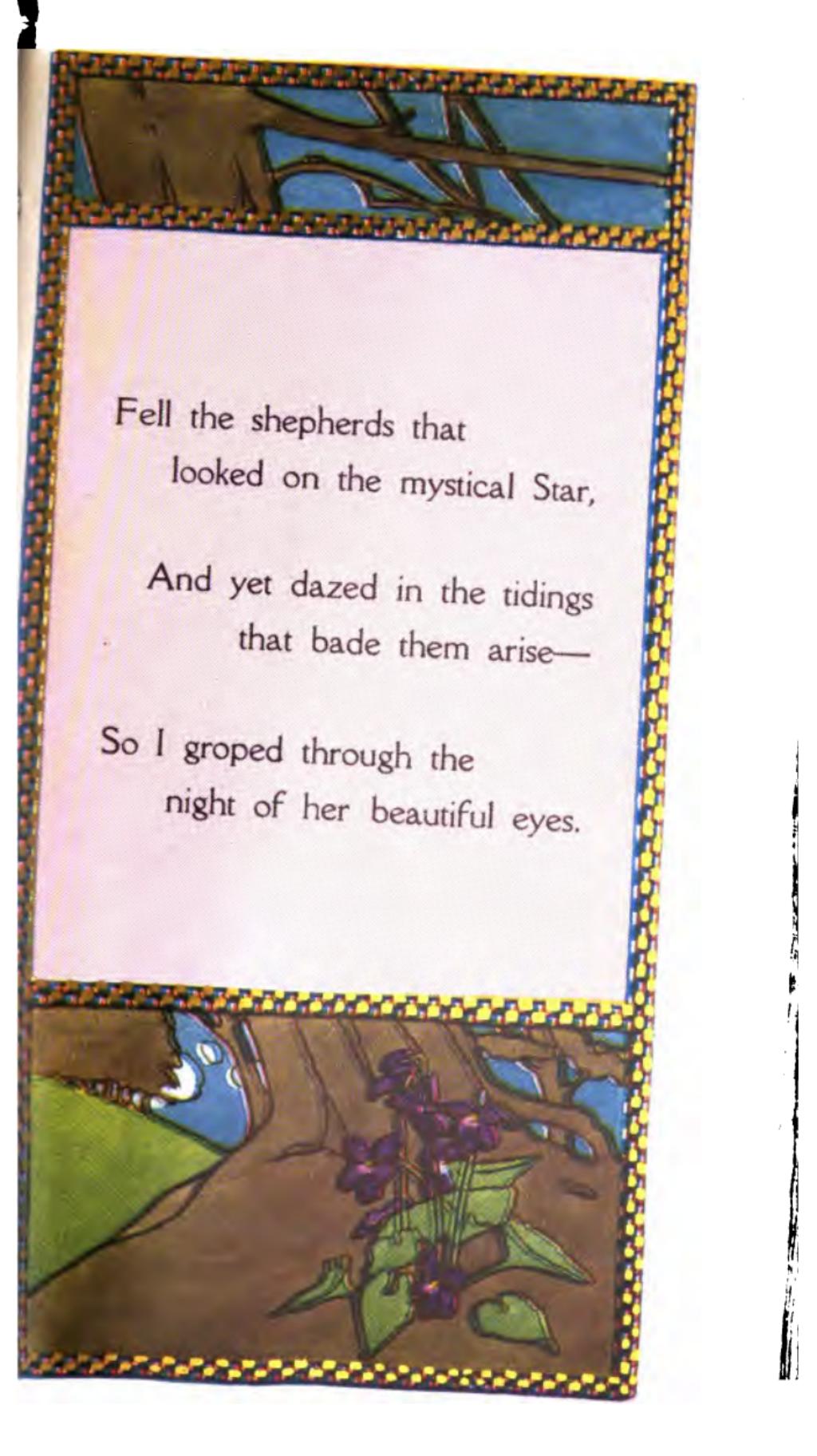
O her beautiful eyes! they
have smitten mine own

As a glory glanced down
from the glare of the Throne;

And I reel, and I falter
and fall, as afar



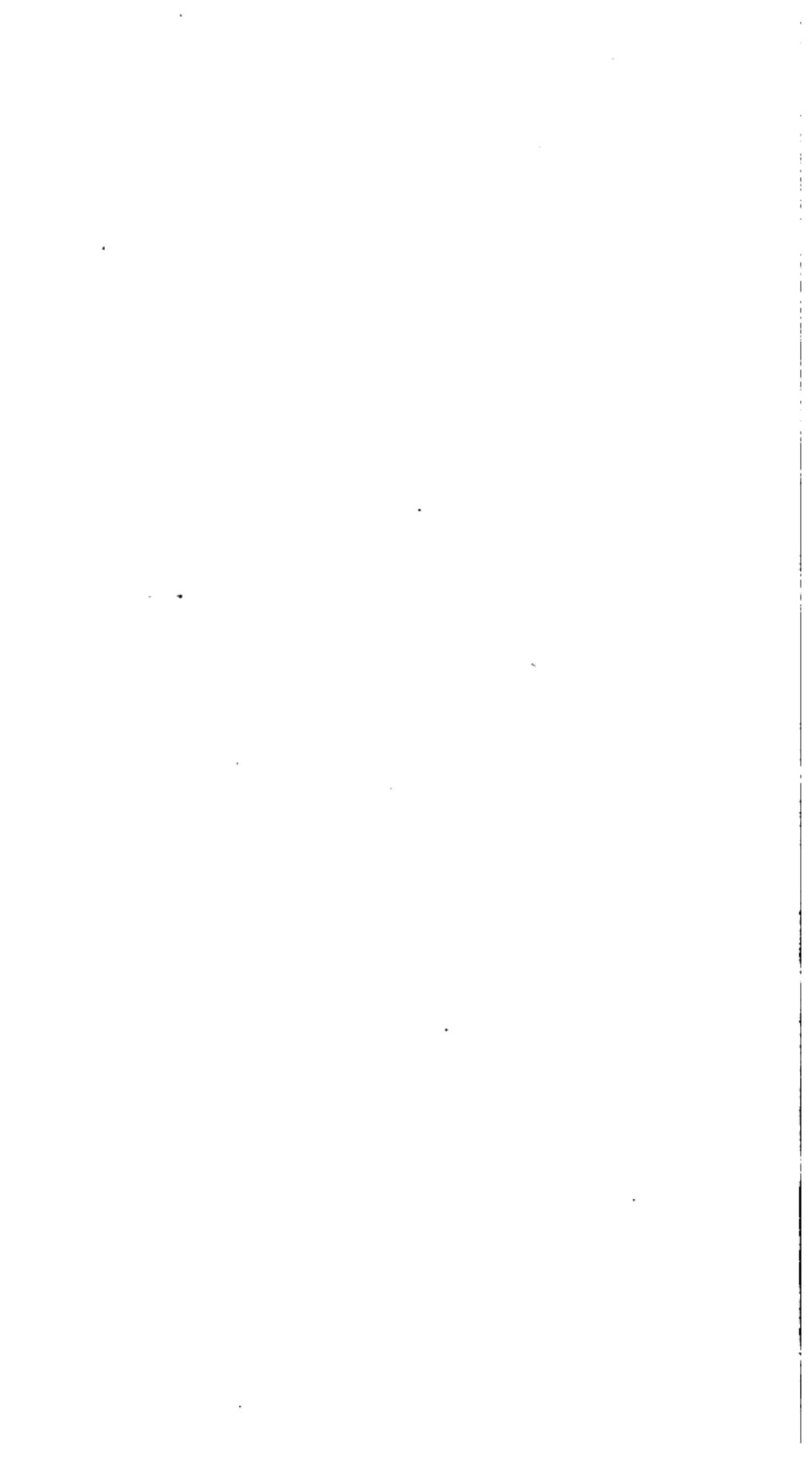




Fell the shepherds that
looked on the mystical Star,

And yet dazed in the tidings
that bade them arise—

So I groped through the
night of her beautiful eyes.

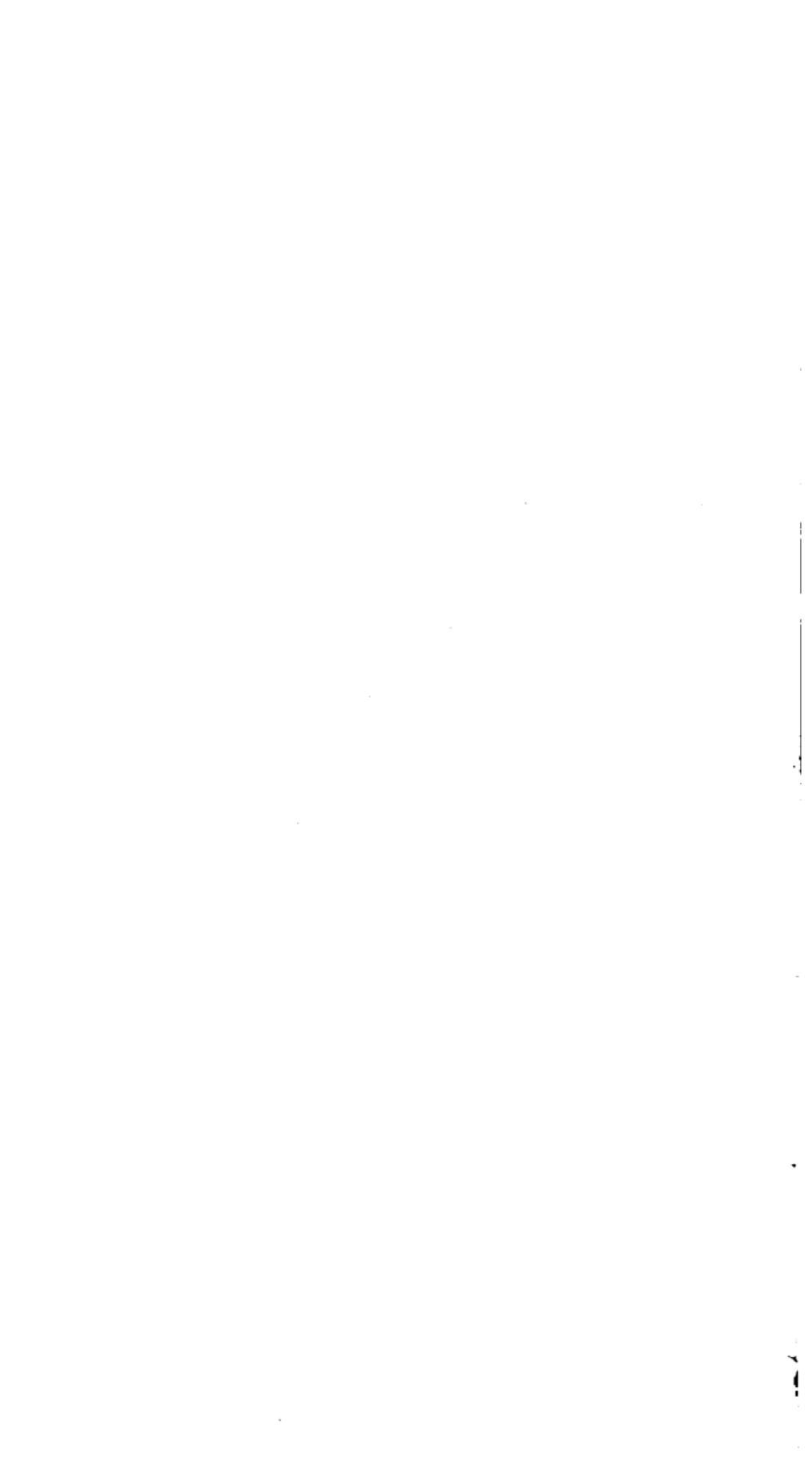


DO THEY MISS ME



T'S the curiosest
thing in creation,
Whenever I hear
that old song
"Do They Miss Me at Home,"
I'm so bothered,
My life seems as
short as it's long!—
Fer ev'rything 'pears like adzackly
It 'peared in the years
past and gone,—
When I started out
sparkin', at twenty,
And had my first
neckercher on!

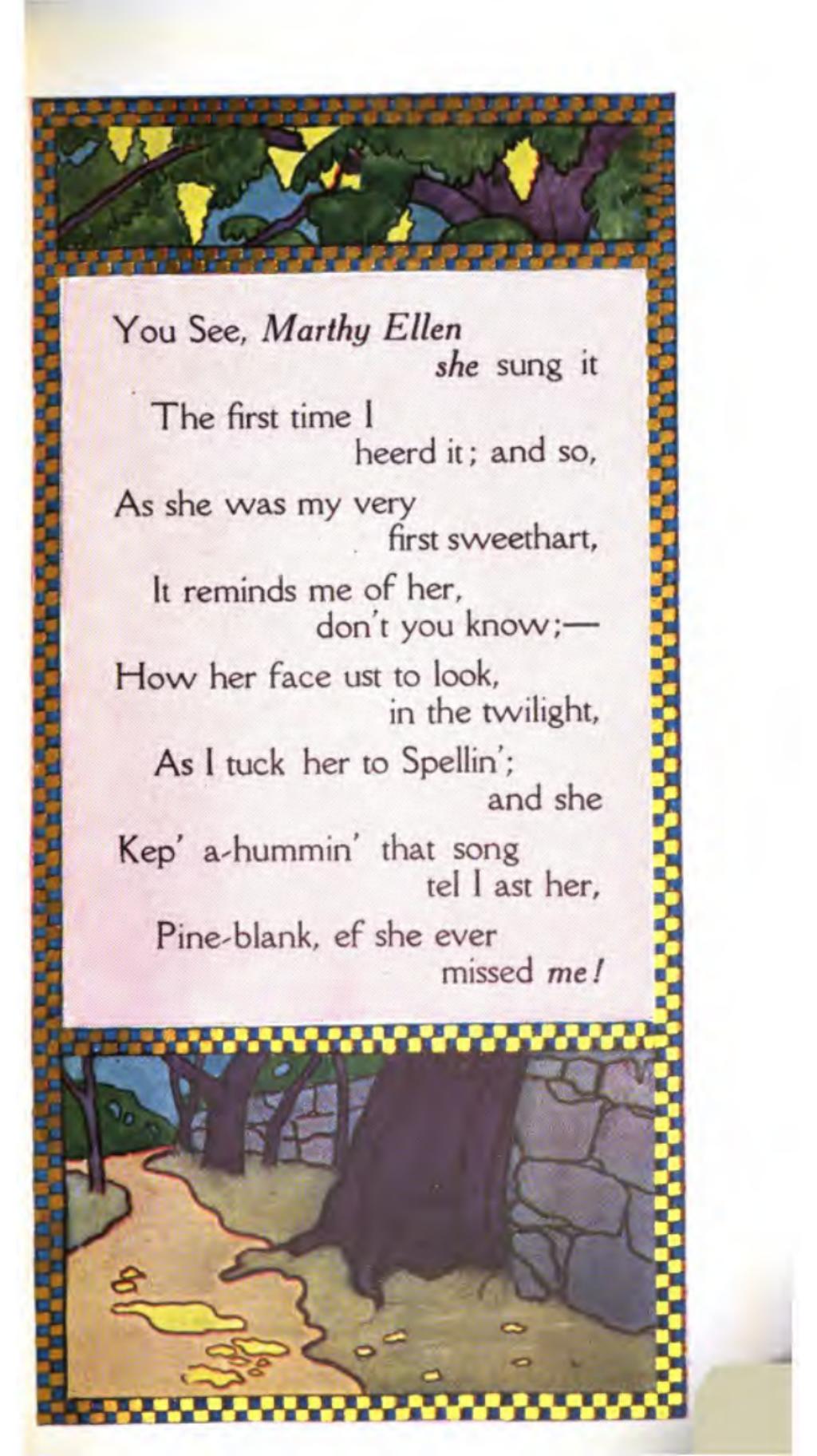






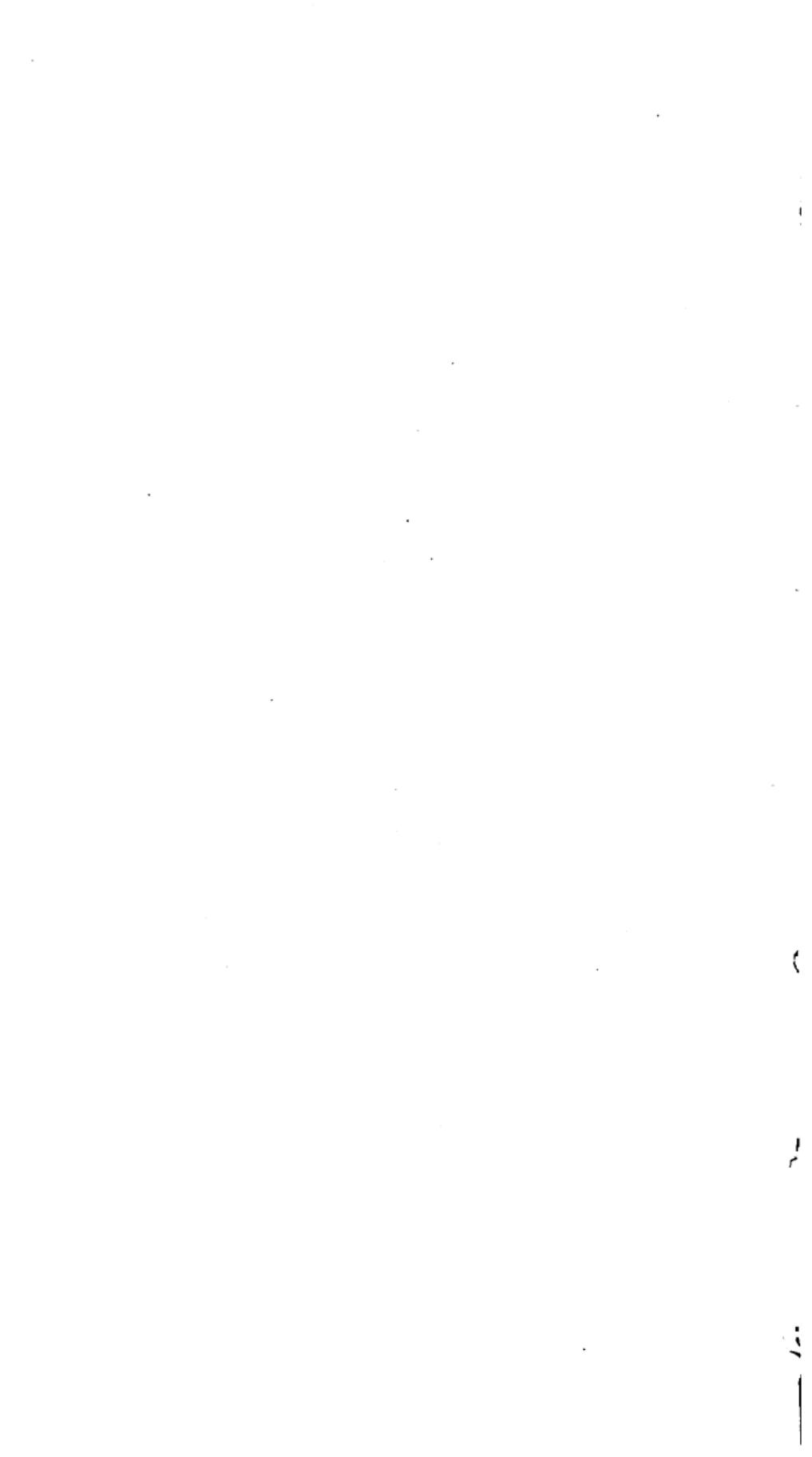
Though I'm wrinkelder,
older and grayer
Right now than my
parents was then,
You strike up that song
"Do They Miss Me,"
And I'm jest a
youngster again!—
I'm a-standin' back thare
in the furries
A-wishin' fer evening to come,
And a-whisperin' over and over
Them words "Do They
Miss Me at Home?"





You See, *Marthy Ellen*
she sung it

The first time I
heerd it; and so,
As she was my very
first sweetheart,
It reminds me of her,
don't you know;—
How her face ust to look,
in the twilight,
As I tuck her to Spellin';
and she
Kep' a-hummin' that song
tel I ast her,
Pine-blank, ef she ever
missed *me!*





I can shet my eyes now,
as you sing it,
And hear her low
answerin' words ;
And then the glad chirp
of the crickets,
As clear as the twitter of birds ;
And the dust in the road
is like velvet,
And the ragweed and
fennel and grass
Is as sweet as the scent of the lilies
Of Eden of old, as we pass.



*“Do They Miss Me at
Home?”* Sing it lower—

And softer—and sweet
as the breeze

That powdered our path
with the snowy

White bloom of the
old locus-trees!

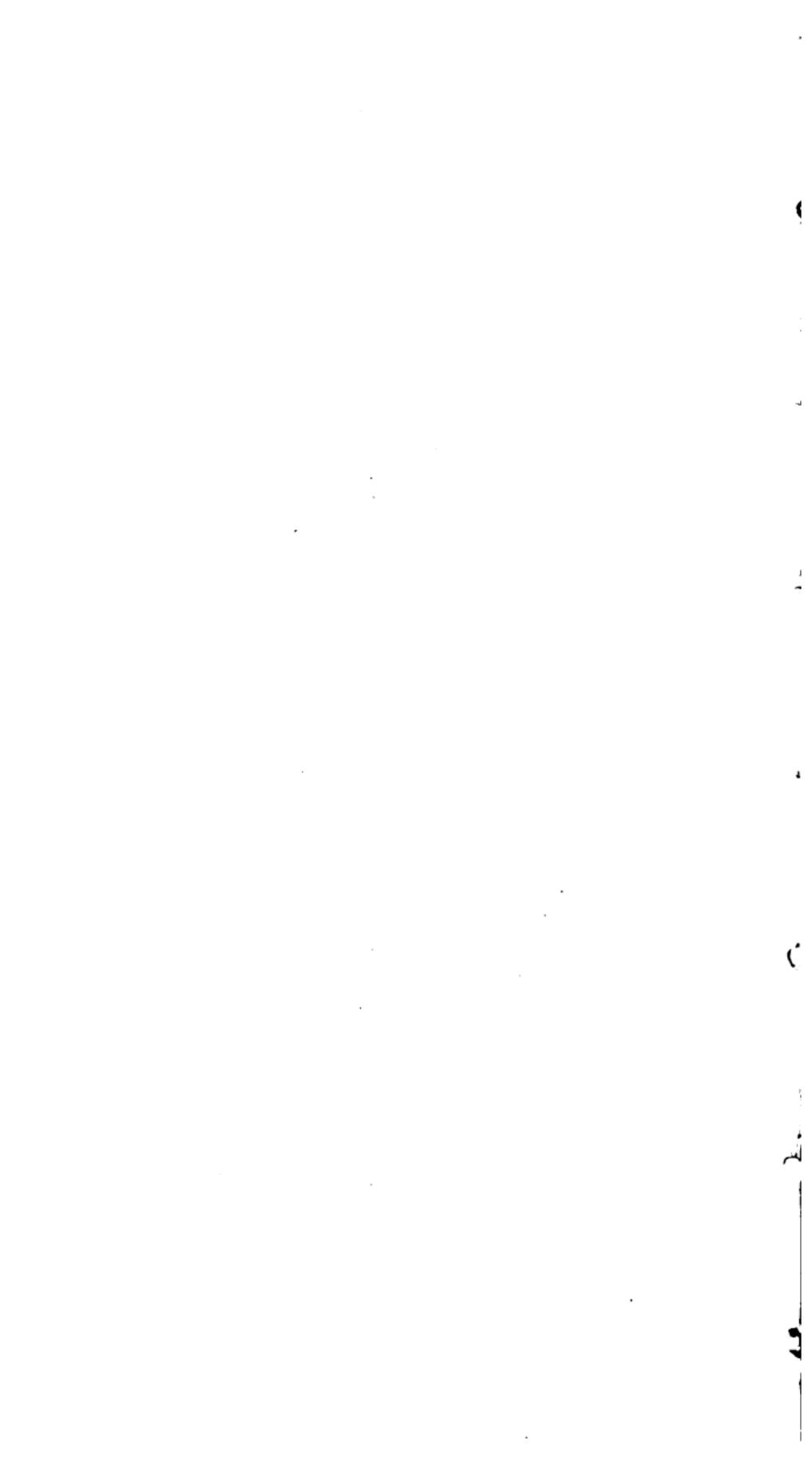
Let the whipperwills he’p
you to sing it,

And the echoes ‘way
over the hill,

Tel the moon boogles out,
in a chorus

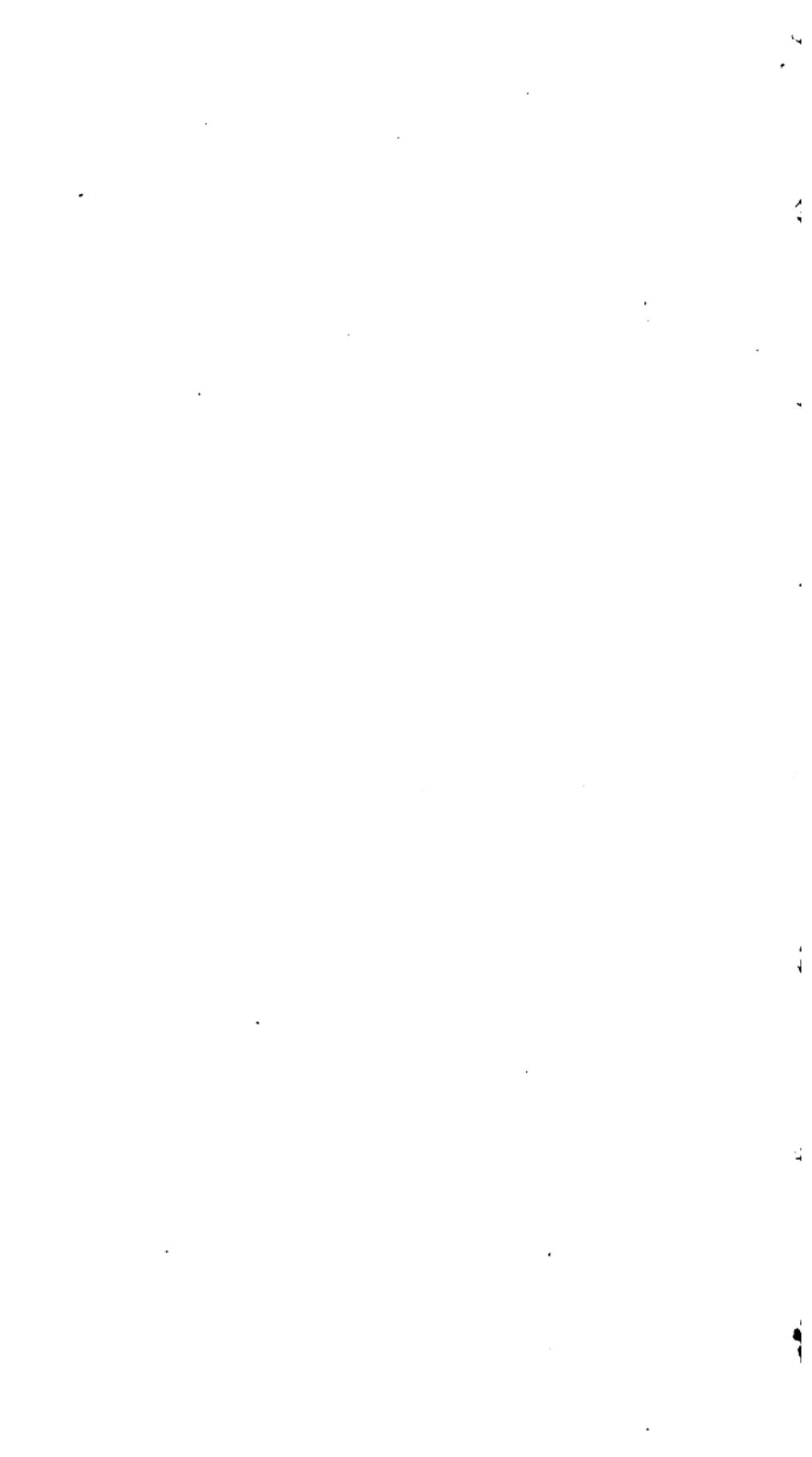
Of stars, and our voices is still.

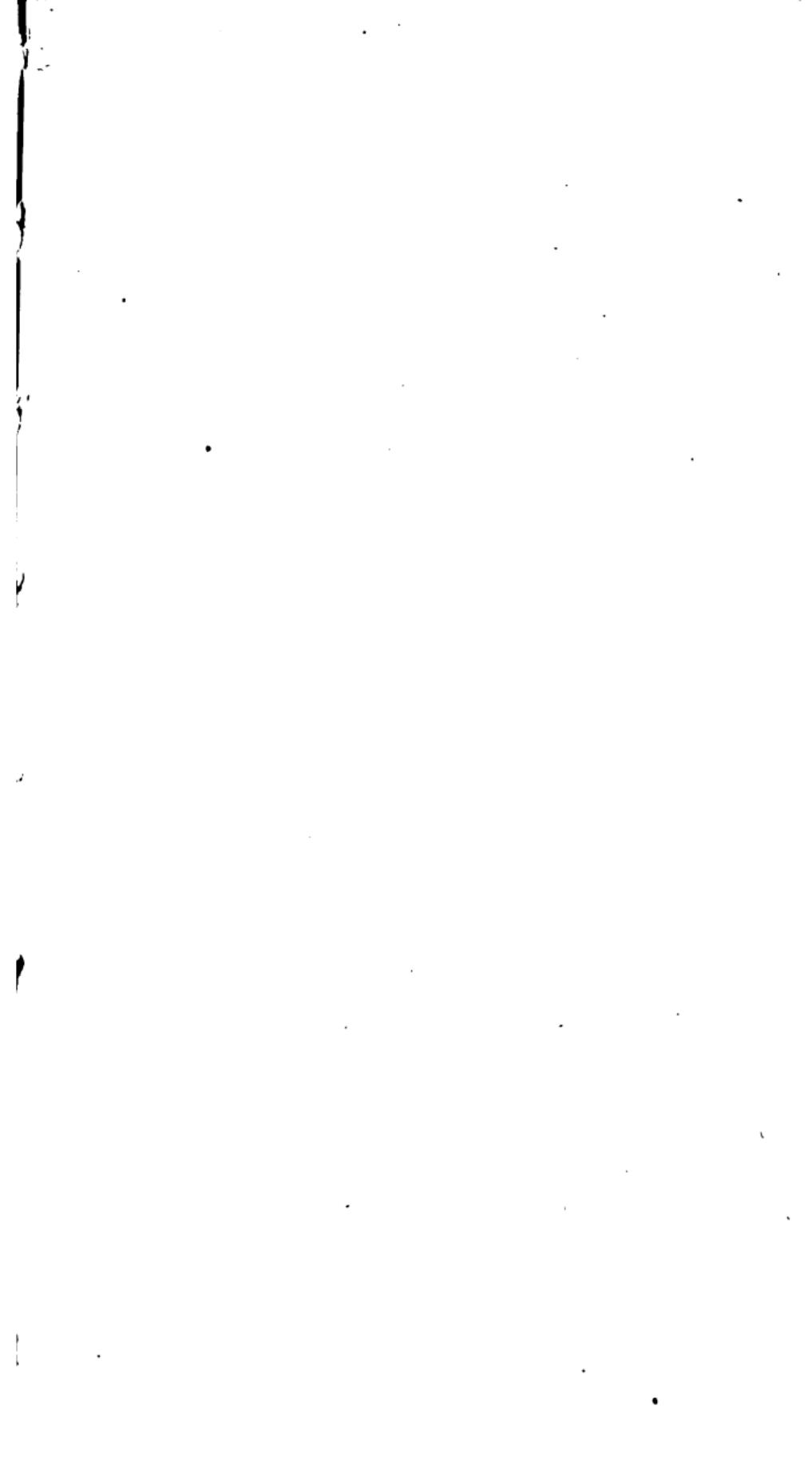




But oh! "They's a chord
in the music
That's missed when *her*
voice is away!"
Though I listen from
midnight tel morning,
And dawn tel the dusk
of the day!
And I grope through the
dark, lookin' up'ards
And on through the
heavenly dome,
With my longin' soul
singin' and sobbin'
The words "Do They
Miss Me at Home?"









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